B'nai B'rith Magazine

Volume XXXIX, No. 3 DECEMBER, 1924

"You Gentiles"
By Joel Blau

A Group of Fantasies
By Regina Miriam Bloch

Ernst Toller, A Poet of the Younger Generation
By Israel Auerbach

A Hebrew Life of Jesus
By Max Heller

THE NATIONAL JEWISH MONTHLY

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PRIZE CONTEST

HERE is a chance for you to show your ingenuity. There have been many kinds of cross word puzzles, large and small, difficult and easy, square and diamond shaped, the Swastika and the Demoniacal Dictionary Device; but did you ever see one called B'nai B'rith? Neither did we. That's where your ingenuity comes in. Make a B'nai B'rith Cross Word Puzzle and enter it in our prize contest. All readers of the *B'nai B'rith Magazine* are eligible to compete. The only condition is that all puzzles must be in the hands of the Puzzle Editor by January Second. A prize of $25 will be awarded the person who submits the puzzle which is of greatest interest to members of the B'nai B'rith and readers of the *B'nai B'rith Magazine.* Address entries to the Puzzle Editor, *B'nai B'rith Magazine,* 7 South Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois. No puzzles will be returned to the sender.

Vol. XXXIX December, 1924 No. 3

B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE

Founded in 1886 by Benjamin F. Peixotto

Contributors' Columns

Joel Blau is a familiar name to readers of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. Dr. Blau is the rabbi of Congregation Peni El in New York City and a well known contributor to some of the best American magazines. His articles in the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE are being reprinted in various Christian denominational journals. The one which has attracted particular attention is that entitled "A Proposal for a New Bargain Between Jew and Gentile," published in April, 1924.

Regina Miriam Bloch is an English writer whose work has appeared in a number of British, and laterly, American publications. She is the author of several books in addition to her verse, essays, short stories and epigrams that have been published in magazines. Her work first appeared in the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE in June, 1924.

Beatrice S. Levy, who is contributing a series of articles on Jewish artists to the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, is herself a painter and etcher of distinction. Her work has been exhibited in New York, Chicago and other large cities. Her first article concerned the work of Ben Silbert.

Jacques de Lacretelle is a young French author of rapidly growing reputation. His "La Vie Inquiete de Jean Hermelin" won a *success d'estime*, and "Silbermann," the novel now running serially in the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, the Femina Vie Hereuse prize. The latter book has already been translated into a number of languages. The English translation is by Brian Lunn.

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Dr. Israel Auerbach, secretary of the Academy for Jewish Science in Berlin, is one of the regular European correspondents for the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE. He is the author of articles on significant movements and interesting personalities in Europe. His last article on the subject of the Jewish youth movement in Germany attracted much attention.

Dr. Arnold D. Margolin is the manager of the Jewish department of the Foreign Language Information Service. A number of years ago he was one of the leading figures in the famous case of Mendel Beiliss accused of ritual murder in Kief. Dr. Margolin, then practicing law, was one of the men whose herculean efforts brought about the acquittal of Beiliss but at the same time made it necessary for the lawyer to leave Russia. His "Inside Story of the Beiliss Case" appeared serially in the B'NAI B'RITH NEWS last year.

Dr. Max. L. Margolis, associate editor of the B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE, and professor at Dropsie College, is spending a year in Jerusalem where he is associated with the American School of Archeology. He is the author of a number of books on philosophy and theology.

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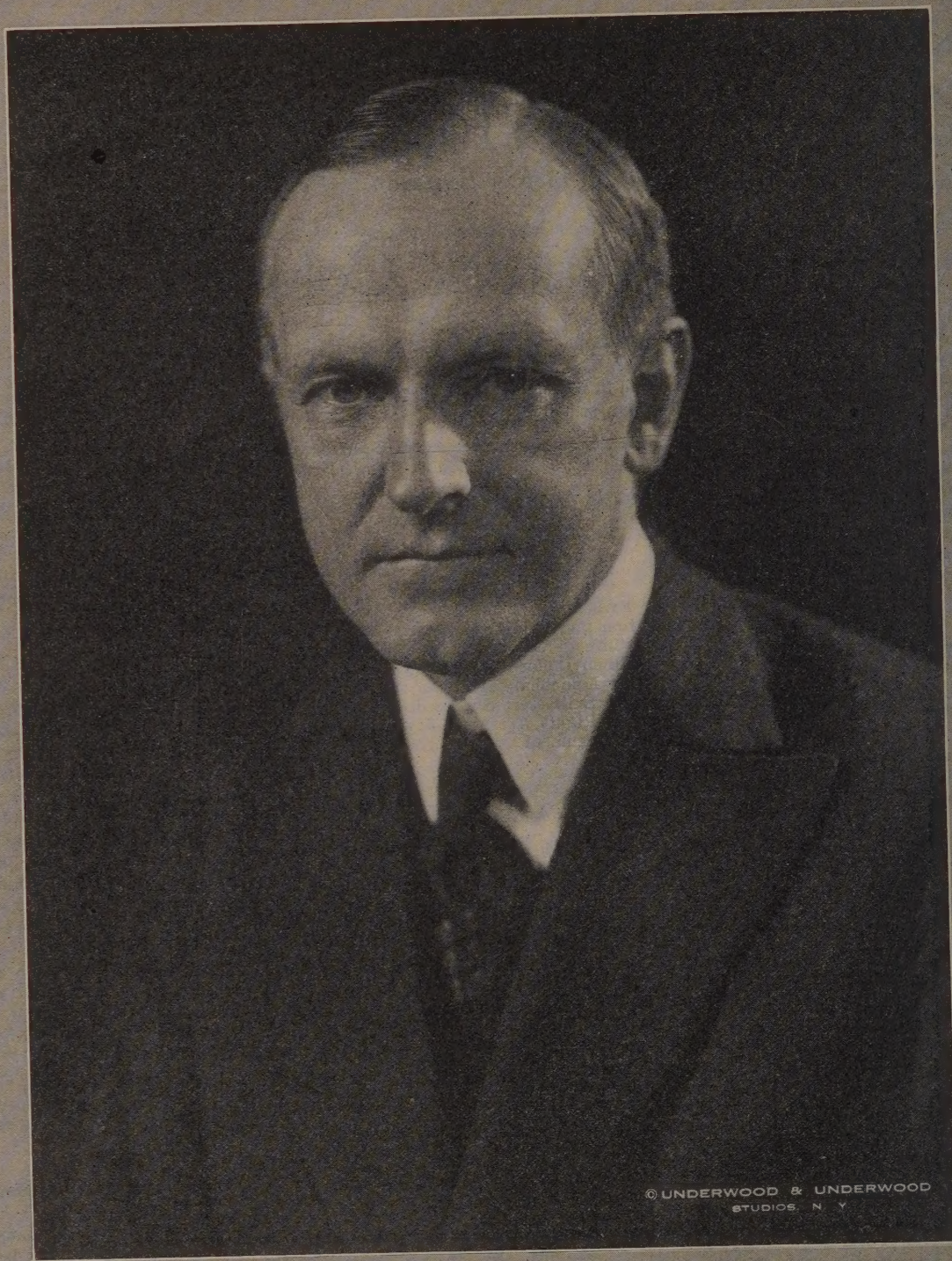
Adolf Kraus and Leon L. Lewis, editors; Ruth S. Genzberger, assistant editor; Max Heller, Samuel S. Cohon, Max. L. Margolis, Felix A. Levy, David Philipson, Morris Fishbein, Martin A. Zielonka, contributing editors.



Our New President

In speaking of the B'nai B'rith President Coolidge has said: "For a long time, I have been quite familiar with the work and purposes of B'nai B'rith. As my acquaintance with the Order has widened, my regard for its high aims and effective methods has increased. Its ideal of practical usefulness is one which can not be too earnestly commended."

THE
B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE
The National Jewish Monthly

VOLUME XXXIX DECEMBER, 1924 NUMBER 3

Progress of Events

Immigration and Colonization

JEWISH refugees stranded in many ports of Europe awaiting a chance to embark for safer and happier countries are in a pitiable plight. The Jewish Colonization Association (I. C. A.) has exhausted all its funds, so that unless the project to raise relief in America succeeds, and succeeds quickly, many of our brethren in Eastern Europe will perish. Russia is already facing a famine and in the presence of local starvation the foreigner will not be cared for. Nor can he obtain employment, for under present conditions there is none even for the citizen, and the local Jewish agencies cannot take care of their own. It is a pity that greater advantage could not be taken of the generosity of the Canadian government which permitted the Ica to send a number of refugees stranded in Roumania to its shores. There are still two thousand of these unfortunates left who cannot enter the Dominion because they originally hail from the Soviet country, and the agreement was to permit only bona-fide Roumanians to enter Canada.

With the discovery that Mexico, despite its good intentions toward the immigrant as voiced by President-elect Calles, is not in a condition to receive a large number of settlers, that the newcomers can expect only hardship since the country is not stable either politically or economically, the last door to the Jewish refugee has been closed in North America. (In South America, Argentine has received a considerable number of Jewish immigrants.) Since wander he must, since European lands generally spurn him, and since only a small fixed quota can enter the promised land of Palestine, his plight is most pitiable. Russia is making some provision for its Jews, by encouraging them, with grants of land, to become farmers, and still hopes to colonize certain sections with Jewish pioneers. But the only hope for the fifteen thousand unfortunates, without citizenship, without jobs, hated as strangers in a foreign land, with no prospect save death by hunger, lies in America. All of us here must participate in and hasten the work of salvage.

Papini's "Life of Christ" to be Filmed

THE news contained in this headline brought a protest from some of our co-religionists, to the producers, who have given their written assurance that the work of transferring the book to the screen will be done "in such a manner that will bring commendations from a humanitarian standpoint and ill will from none." Highly creditable as are the aims of the producers as expressed in their letter, it does not seem possible that any life of the founder of Christianity can be entirely free of animadversion upon Jesus' countrymen if it follows Papini's narrow, fanatic and incendiary chronicle, which sometimes reads like the creation of a fevered brain. The book by the Italian ex-free-thinker and now most devout of bigots, is written without the least heed for historical accuracy, and magnifies the wrong impression, that the biased gospel narratives, which have little claim to fairness or to historical fact, give of the Jew. How does one take the sting, for the Jews, out of the life of Jesus? Will the Pharisees be pictured as we know them to have been, or will they be made synonymous with Jesus' and nearly all subsequent Christian opinion of them as hide-hound, rock-ribbed legalists, devoid of finer human sentiments? Will the incident of the money changers be altered so as to fit with the facts which were certainly not derogatory to the Jew and his religion? How about the trial, the condemnation, the crucifixion and resurrection, and so on? How can these be portrayed from a purely humanitarian standpoint, without sacrificing the New Testament narrative on the one hand or doing violence to historic truth (and to Jewish sensibility) on the other? The fact remains that a life of Christ such as the producers of this film think they can present, would be no life of Christ.

The whole matter of filming Bible stories is fraught with constant danger for us, and the peril lies not only in New Testament pictures but also in the Old, where frequently Israel is portrayed as savage and its God as cruel and vindictive. A few recent films have succeeded in avoiding these, but most Bible reels for Sunday School use offend greatly. Now that a picture, "King David," is being prepared, taken on the actual scenes of that monarch's exploits, we hope that some of the harshness of the battles as reported in the book of Kings will be modified. Fairness to us requires that the camera, when it reproduces as is reported, the war between Joab and the Israelites against the Ammonites, for which the sheik of sheiks and his sixteen Arab villages have been conscripted,

present these scenes as war and not necessarily as Jewish atrocities. We fear greatly that this picture may give rise to the old cry of Old Testament Jewish harshness and blood-thirstiness.

Half a Million Dollars in No-Man's Land

THUS does the *Jewish Morning Journal* of New York City comment editorially on the bequest of Robert Hirsch, recently deceased, who left five hundred thousand dollars to the Ethical Culture School. This munificent gift by a man, who was a Jew at least in origin, is one of the only too frequent phenomena (tragedies, we are tempted to say), of Jewish life. While it is true that America is a free country and one can do as he pleases with his money, it is pitiful to see it go toward an institution which, when all is said and done, is the half-way house between Judaism and apostasy. Thus far the Ethical Culture movement in New York has stood for a Jewish (?) religionless morality, founded by a rabbi who is also the son of a rabbi, and has been recruited in large part from those of our people who do not find or do not believe they can find any inspiration in the synagogue. In cutting itself off from Jewish tradition, it has so thoroughly severed any connection it may once have seemed to have with Jewish life and thought that at its best it is a pale undenominational humanitarianism, at its worst, the ante-chamber to baptism.

That intelligent, ethically-minded Jews should feel the necessity for abandoning by voluntary desertion their own fine thought is sad. Yet such is the fate of all liberalizing movements; witness the Comtian Religion of Humanity, which has been dissipated into orthodox Catholicism in most places where once it was strong, and American Unitarianism, which is fast being absorbed by Congregationalism, less liberal in outlook than were Emerson and Channing. It is tragic, this sloughing off from the body Jewish of a group here and there, which losing all contact with the soul of the Jewish group at large, ends by losing its own soul. Jewish ethics are not inferior to other systems, and the Jew who lives by their light can also become a fine type of human being. Why should Jews help to weaken our integrity, and become, because of their ignorance of what Jewish thought is and their failure to appreciate its beauty and grandeur, open enemies, or midway stations on the march into irreligion? The same sum as that given to the Ethical Culture School, if devoted to aiding the Jew understand his own spiritual treasures, would be productive of far greater good to both Jew and humanity.

How different is the action of Mr. Joseph Novich of Seguin, Texas, who at his own expense will build a synagogue for his city in memory of his departed wife. At least by this means Jews will be safeguared from the attack of the environment to wean them away from their altars to the worship of strange gods. Loyalty to one's own, whether it be religion or people, is after all a primary virtue.

The Jewish Munchhausen Spoke the Truth

STUDENTS of medieval Jewish lore have long been familiar with the adventures of Eldad of the tribe of Dan, who roamed the world over and regaled each admiring community which he honored by his presence with fantastic tales of his experiences that our ninth century ancestors firmly believed. Eldad "drew a long bow" and modern investigators have halted between pronouncing him a complete liar or only a partial prevaricator. Our Jewish Munchhausen claimed to have visited the lost Ten Tribes. He told that he originated in Dan which occupied an independent state in the east of Africa near Ethiopia, and describes faithfully the customs and laws of the group. Much of what he tells is pilfered bodily from the Midrash, or the storehouse of Jewish folk-lore and it has been believed that the only grain of truth contained in his narrative was the existence, a thousand years ago, of a Jewish settlement somewhere in the Dark Continent.

Now some French explorers return from the Sahara region where they have spent years in investigation, and report that the vocabularies of certain African tribes contain words either actually Hebrew or derived therefrom, e. g., the name of God, the word for sin, proper names, personal and tribal. One of these investigators in convinced that at one time a Jewish state existed in Africa, and his statement is also borne out by the assertion of an early medieval Arab geographer.

While there have always been Jewish communities in Africa, no definite proof has heretofore been forthcoming that any of these reached the size of a small state, except the Falashas, or black Jews of Abbysinia, with whom we are all more or less familiar. Eldad did not know of these; at least he does not speak of them. In view of the words of the French scientists, our Jewish merchant traveler of the ninth century may have not stretched the truth too far, after all.

The Ship of the Desert Superseded

SLOWLY the old Orient is giving way before western institutions. Since the crusaders the influence of the Occident has more and more made itself felt in the Near East. In the Far East, there is, of course, the example of Japan, which within the last seventy-five years has been transformed from a feudal aristocracy into a modern industrial state, due to a desire to be like the great nations of Europe and America. Trade and manufacture are the powerful forces that compel the "effete" East to change. Only India and China have been able to make any great show of resistance, and Oriental life in these countries flows pretty much as placidly as it did many centuries ago, in the old ruts worn by immutable custom. So the West compels the East to "get a move on."

It should not, therefore, surprise us, even though we may regret its passing, that the camel is being supplanted by the motor car in Syria. By French command, hereafter, automobiles will carry merchandise across the Arabian desert from Jaffa to Bagdad, from Beirut to Teheran. The days of the picturesque caravan are numbered. Instead of sailing the "waves of sand" upon a ship of the desert, the more comfortable and speedier motor car will wend its chugging way through the wilderness. Thus commerce has captured another ancient stronghold and reduced to its monotonous level the four millenial old Arab transportation. We shall live to see the day when pious Moslem pilgrims will roll up to the shrine at Mecca in their limousines, much as some of us drive to church, to make their obseisance to the kaaba. The camel, however, still has the laugh, for no motor car can go eight days without water.

In Venice, we are told, a similar innovation has been introduced: the gondola is giving way to the motor boat and with this, again, will go all the beauty and the charm of the Venetian lagoon. We somehow feel that motors are absolutely out of place in the des-

ert and on the lakes of the Adriatic's Queen: They are a horrible omen, which foretells that variety and beauty in the world are giving way to greed and speed, and that the charm of the exotic must wither before the vitality of the pragmatic. A few less dollars, a little more "dolce far niente," for which the East stands, would make of this bustling competitive planet a more attractive habitation.

How Jewish Rights Are Made Jewish Wrongs

RECENT developments in Roumania, Lithuania and other parts of benighted Europe repeat the monotonous tale that we have heard for centuries, that the Jew has neither rights nor privileges. Not only does the Jew have to bear the attacks of a concerted campaign of anti-Semitism waged against him in every part of the world, with its program of slander and vilification, but also he is deprived by governmental fiat of what in recent years he had come to look upon as his inalienable right, in common with his fellow-countrymen, viz., citizenship, in accord with growing democratic theory and practice.

Roumania, in 1878, committed a breach of faith by violation of an international treaty and failed to give her Jewish subjects full and equal "rights." In 1924 she repeats her treacherous conduct and with an official ukase, contrary to the stipulations of the Trianon Treaty, of which she was a signatory and in defiance of her assurances to the League of Nations, that she would not bar from citizenship any one of her subjects who came under her banner by the acquisition of territory granted her as spoils of victory in the recent war. She has, by an act of Parliament, practically repudiated her promise. Only those who were actually domiciled in Greater Roumania in 1918, and possessed "the communal rights of a native" are entitled to citizenship, according to the recent enactment. How this works out upon the new Jewish population is seen in the following: Many Jews had to flee in 1916 and later left their homes and did not return until 1919. Many who were "actually domiciled" were not registered, for in the territories the communal rights of a native were not necessary to acquire national rights; so the Roumanian government has simply devised means for excluding from franchise a great portion of the Jewish population, which by the treaties after the war, was intended to be admitted into full and free citizenship. Worst of all, however, is the fact that the whole procedure creates a class of people without a country, deprived for one reason or another from citizenship, and this includes Jews who were formerly citizens of Austro-Hungary, of the Soviet Republic, the Jews of Transylvania, Bessarabia, Bukowina and Banat. When the attention of the Roumanian delegates at Geneva was called to this state of affairs by the Joint Foreign Committee and the Alliance Israelite, they promised the appointment of a Committee of Inquiry.

Lithuania which promised at the beginning of its career to recognize national minorities and to consider the Jews as one such group like its sisters, Poland and Ukraina, pays no heed to Jewish claims. Minorities have no rights in these lands unless they are native, the whole trend of legislation being to impose the language, mores and ideas of the dominant majority upon all inhabitants, irrespective of minority rights or of promises, given in a moment of generosity, to recognize these. In Poland, for example, where there are no public schools, all groups except the Jews, receive aid from the government for education of the young. Lithuania has broken one by one every solemn assurance made to the Jews, the last straw being the imposition of sumptuary "blue-laws," forbidding the doing of business on Sunday and on two hundred other days in the calendar which are considered Christian holidays.

A Unique Document

"THE most unique document in Jewish as well as in international history since the conquest of Palestine by Titus" is one correspondent's characterization of the report submitted to the Mandates Commission of the League of Nations in session at Geneva by the Zionist Organization acting as the Jewish Agency. The paper contains much of interest to all Jews and reveals not only what has been done in Palestine since the British occupation but gives a fair idea of conditions there today. Thus we learn that $27,000,000 have been invested by the Jews in the Holy Land, representing private enterprise as well as the moneys of the Zionist Organization, the Keren Hayesod and the Jewish National Fund.

A picture of the status of the Jews in the Holy Land before the war and now, and before and after the Balfour Declaration is given in detail, reflecting the workings of the mandate and its effect upon the political situation. We learn of the efforts of the Jewish population to maintain friendly relations with the various ingredients of the population and how much has been done to keep the letter and the spirit of the clause of the original declaration which states that "nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities of Palestine."

From the day that the British seized the land from the Turk until September, 1924, 38,000 Jews have entered Palestine. Of these 5,000 were pre-war residents. In 1920 the Zionist Organization asked permission to allow a greater number of Jews entry into the country, with the result that the first annual quota was 16,500. In 1923, due to the disturbed conditions of the land, immigration was temporarily suspended, but the minimum number still obtains, now that settlers are beginning to come again. Sir Herbert Samuel, the governor general, states that a number of colonists are engaged in manufacture, thus making a considerable contribution to the industrial development of the country.

Since the war Jews have added 87,000 acres to the 100,000 they then possessed. Twenty thousand are owned by the National Fund. Further details of settlement and colonization are included in this historic report. The work of education occupies a large part, and rightly so. The moneys expended for this purpose by the organization amount to 84,874 Egyptian pounds annually, applied to sixty-five elementary and five secondary schools, thirty-eight kindergartens, three teachers' training colleges, four technical, and five manual training schools; all for a population somewhat over 100,000.

Since 1917, three million pounds sterling have been expended in Palestine. Other agencies have gathered and disbursed about half this sum. The report concludes with the usual thanks, good wishes and hopes.

Whatever our feelings may be we cannot withhold our admiration for the unselfish zeal displayed by leader and pioneer in the new home land. When one looks over the European scene, and sees the starvation that faces the Jews in Russia, the hatred that pursues them elsewhere, when one remem-

(Continued on page 116)

A Cross-Section of American Jewish News of the Month

Immigration

A DECREASE of 93 per cent in Jewish immigration into the United States is shown by the report of the Bureau of Immigration covering the period of July and August. A total of 941 Jewish immigrants was admitted during those months of this year as compared with 13,922 in July and August of 1923. * * * *

*The first large group of Jewish farmer immigrants arrived in New York on the S. S. Albert Ballin. They were permitted to land for the purpose of proceeding to Texas, California and Arizona to engage in farming. These tillers of the soil come from Bessarabia, Poland and Russia and brought certificates showing that they had engaged in agriculture in those countries.

*It is reported that the Executive Committee of the American Federation of Labor has decided to help pass a resolution in Congress providing that those Jewish refugees who have been stranded in various European ports as a result of the passing of the restrictive act (for which the A. F. of L. was largely responsible) be admitted to the United States. * * * *

*Pointing out that of 14,000,000 aliens in this country 8,000,000 are not citizens, Secretary of Labor, James J. Davis suggested in an address before the Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, that all aliens be registered immediately upon arrival in this country and thereafter pay an annual tax of ten dollars, to be used in providing instruction to the immigrants. The Secretary also urged the passage of a law by Congress making compulsory the enrollment of every alien. * * * *

Politics

THE *Jewish Daily Bulletin* devoted considerable space on the eve of the election to the pros and cons of the Marshall attack on La Follette based upon the Hungarian petition which the latter submitted to the Senate. Senator LaFollette expressed regret for franking the document and explained that when he learned its contents he withdrew the privilege. He also referred to his record and stated that he "fought for the annulment of the treaty with Russia because of persecution of Jews." Mr. Marshall in reply stated in reference to the Russian treaty "perhaps he forgets that I led the fight to bring about that result and that it was annulled with but one dissenting vote in both Houses of Congress." We are inclined to the opinion that what Mr. Marshall probably meant to say was that he was *one* of those who led the fight but whatever the facts may be on that score, most of our readers will remember who did lead the fight for the confirmation of Louis D. Brandeis as a member of the Supreme Court. It was Senator LaFollette who fought for weeks to secure that confirmation when Justice Brandeis' "Democratic friends were ready to quit," to use the Senator's own words. The *Jewish World* of Cleveland in commenting on this little pre-election flash in the pan, asks: "Is LaFollette an anti-Semite?" and answers its own question by stating that if we had many more anti-Semites like him "the world would be a better and safer place to live in."

*In Texas the anti-Klan Democrats for a second time in three months rallied to the support of "Ma" Ferguson and carried the woman candidate for governor to an impressive triumph over Dr. George C. Butte, the Republican candidate, whose election the Republicans thought possible owing to the wholesale desertion of the Democratic ticket by the Klan voters. The Ku Kluxers fared better in Indiana, Colorado and Kansas, where their candidates for governor were elected. Ku Klux papers in bragging of these victories give no weight to the unprecedented Republican landslide. "The Ku Klux did it all!" * * * *

*Whatever the strength of the Ku Kluxers in the recent elections, there is no doubt that opposition to this un-American organization is growing. In Washington representatives of the Masonic order, of the Knights of Columbus and of the B'nai B'rith met at the invitation of Argo Lodge, B'nai B'rith, to unite in an attack against intolerance. * * * *

*On almost the same day, the Catholic priest, Dr. James Gillis, officiating at the Church of St. Paul, asserted: ". . . if ever the rights of the Jews in America are assailed, I hope that the 19,000,000 Catholics in the United States will leap to their defense." * * *

*Probably the best cure for radicalism is radicalism—in homeopathic doses. News from London is that Emma Goldman, the anarchist who was deported from this country to Russia, is a bitter enemy of Bolshevism. She is not the first radical to be cured of fanaticism by a visit to Soviet Russia. * * * *

*Henry Morgenthau, former United States Minister to Turkey, resigned his position as head of the Greek Refugee Settlement Commission, which administered the affairs of Greek refugees under the League of Nations.

"I have obtained financial support from the government to the extent of £10,000,000 and I have organized the work of re-colonization of Greek refugees," said Mr. Morgenthau in a statement to the Jewish Telegraphic Agency. "It is now the task of younger men to take care of the administration work. The task was one of the largest undertakings of its kind in the history of the world. It concerned the fate of 1,200,000 Greeks who were driven out of Turkey as a result of the Turkish-Greek war."

Mr. Morgenthau had accepted the position on condition that he fill it for only a year. The year has expired. * * *

Both Republicans and Democrats were represented among the eight Jewish Congressmen elected on November 4. * * * Congressmen Julius Kahn of California, J. Bachrach of New Jersey and Nathan D. Perlman of New York are the Republicans; Congressmen Adolph Sabath of Illinois and Meyer Jacobstein, Emanuel Cellar, Sol Blum and Samuel Dickstein of New York, the Democrats.

Philanthropy

A SUM of $1,000,000 was bequeathed to the Washington County Hospital of Hagerstown, Maryland, by the late Samuel M. Bloom of that city.

If some other Bloom would blossom forth with a million dollar donation, the Ort would be saved a tremendous amount of effort in raising the fund necessary to carry on its work of turning the great Jewish masses of Eastern Europe to self support as agriculturists, artisans and industrialists. A nationwide organization to take charge of the drive for the Ort was formed

early in November at the home of Adolph Lewisohn of New York. Several hundred leading Jewish citizens from the large cities of the United States participated. Nathan Straus' contribution of $20,000 was the largest made at the conference. Governor Alfred E. Smith in greeting the conference wrote: "I am confident that your movement will have the support not only of your own people who have made such signal contributions to constructive philanthropy, but it will also meet with the approval of the American people throughout the country, who realize that no community can be permanently happy unless its members are thrifty and self-supporting workers."

Social Welfare

A RESOLUTION endorsing "a five-day week for seasonal occupations as an interpretation of the spirit of Judaism bearing on modern social and economic problems" was adopted at the Washington meeting of the Executive Committee of the Central Conference of American Rabbis. The board also endorsed the movement for observance of the Sunday before Armistice Day, as "mobilization day for world peace and world justice," and established a standing committee on international justice. A special committee on good-will between Jews and Christians was appointed to co-operate with a similar committee appointed by the Federal Council of Churches. * * *

*Pacifism seems to be in better repute, judging from the amount of interest aroused by the meeting last month of the Congress on World Peace held at Buffalo and attended by delegates from twenty-six countries. One of the highlights of the three-day session was the Armistice Day Dinner at which Rabbi Stephen S. Wise spoke on "The United States and the Peace of the world." * * *

*Nathan Frank, prominent in St. Louis public affairs and perhaps best known outside that city as a member of the Executive Board of Control of the St. Louis World's Fair, contributed $50,000 to St. Louis for the erection of a bandstand on the island in Pagoda Lake in Forest Park. The gift, explains Mr. Frank, expresses his gratitude to the city for the opportunities it has afforded him. * * *

*In Pittsburgh philanthropic Jews pledged $400,000 for a new Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association building, this chapter in Jewish community life being symbolized by a cornerstone laying ceremony at which Felix M. Warburg, New York financier and philanthropist, was the principal speaker. * * *

*The Jewish policeman has long ceased to be an object of astonishment, especially in New York, where one is as likely to encounter Officer Cohen and Sergeant Levy as bluecoats answering to the names of Murphy and Riley. It is hardly surprising, therefore, that Jewish coppers of the American metropolis should band themselves into the "Shomrim" (Watchmen) in order to develop their Jewish ideals and awaken their interest in Jewish matters of spirit and mind. Policemen of any faith banded together for spiritual reasons offer a refreshing spectacle to a cynical citizenry.

Charleston, S. C., has been chosen as the scene of the centennial celebration of the founding of Reform Judaism in America. The exercises, scheduled for November 21, 22 and 23 under auspices of Beth Elohim Synagogue, should remind Jews in America that Reform Judaism was established in the United States at Charleston, on November 21, 1824, by forty-seven members of the K. K. B. E. congregation.

Music

"SYMPHONY ISRAEL" is the name of the newest composition by the gifted Jewish composer, Ernest Bloch. Mr. Bloch's earlier compositions "Trois Poemes Juifs" (Three Jewish Poems), for orchestra; "Schelomo" (Solomon), a Hebrew Rhapsody; "Jeremiah," a poem for piano, and Psalms Adapted from the Hebrew, have been enthusiastically received by American critics. The "Symphony Israel" on which Mr. Bloch has been working since 1912, and which is now ready for performance, contains, according to the *Jewish Theatrical News*, a fuller analysis of Mr. Bloch's conception of Jewish life than do any of his earlier works. His music, we are told, shows an interest in the Bible and in Israel that is universal. Mr. Bloch's orchestral and chamber music works are being performed more and more in Europe and America. As guest conductor he has directed performances of his own works with all the leading symphony orchestras of the country. His suite for violin and piano won the Coolidge Prize in 1919 and was played in orchestral form by the National Symphony Orchestra. Since 1920 he has been director of the Cleveland Institute of Music. * * * *

*Referring to the radio program given by Cantor Saul Goldfarb over WHN, the New York *Telegram Mail* states: "The religious value of the music is only incidental to its inherent value as music. The trials, woes, the tribulations of the Jewish people are all bound up in their music." * * * *

*A Department of Hebrew Music has been established at the Hebrew Union College under the direction of Dr. Abraham Idelsohn. Dr. Idelsohn is an authority on Jewish music. His "History of Jewish Music" is to be published this fall. "He will teach harmony to rabbis." * * * *

*The new concertmaster of the New York Symphony Orchestra is Mischa Mischakoff, who made his debut on November 9. Leopold Auer, the "wonder-teacher" of Heifetz, Elman, Brown, and so many other young Jewish violinists, calls Mischakoff his "artistic grandchild." * * * *

*Jewish genius knows no boundaries. We are reminded of this fact by the announcement from Tokyo, Japan, that the violinist Zimbalist, who is now in Java, will open an engagement at the Imperial Theatre December 1. The Imperial is Tokyo's most famous theatre and one of the first buildings of Nippon to arise from the ashes of last September's disaster. * * * *

*In New York Leopold Godowsky, a great composer, appears as the apostle of jazz, which he promises (or threatens, take your choice!) to incorporate in his new "travelog musical picture of America," presumably a symphony. "Jazz music is a revelation in rhythm," declared the composer, if one can credit New York dispatches. "I mean the right sort and not the worst sort. George Gershwin, in his jazz rhapsody, has expressed what I mean by the use of jazz as a classic motif." * * * *

*Charles D. Isaacson has been retained by the Chicago Civic Opera Association "to bring music to the masses." His daily talks to employees of large industrial establishments and his radio programs are doing much to popularize grand opera in Chicago. * * * *

*Among the new musical publications of the early fall is a group of "Five Memories" for piano by Leo Ornstein and several songs by Louis Victor Saar of the Chicago Musical College.

Letters

VIOLA BROTHERS SHORE, writer of short stories and until recently dramatic editor of the *American Hebrew*, blossoms forth as a playwright. She is co-author of "Home," a play soon to be produced by John Golden. * * * *

"You Gentiles" *

By Joel Blau

AN amazingly brilliant book. An amazingly unsound book. I believe it is the first Yiddish book written in English—and in a *fairly* good English at that. I suppose that many of its reviewers, both in the press and the pulpit, had their difficulties with Maurice Samuel's book chiefly because they failed to perceive its underlying paradox: which is that it is a Yiddish book written in the English language. And I may add that if Gentiles, who have a subtler *flair* in these things and who understand the Jewish problem better than the average Jew, thought the book, as many told me, interesting in its frankness but on the whole unimportant, it was because of some dim feeling of the congenitally perverse nature of the whole effort. Cultured persons may delight in a pretty paradox, but they cannot accept it in lieu of authentic truth—unless . . . .

Let me explain this "unless." There are paradoxes and paradoxes. At bottom life itself is a paradox; and thought, life's finest flowering, is a paradox too. Science has been hard put to explain the perversity of the animate arising out of the inanimate and of the conscious arising out of the inconscient, and it has not yet succeeded. God is the Great Paradox, as all know who have studied the problem of evil yet retained their faith in Him. Somehow, the strands of being are so curiously woven that, while making for unity and harmony, they are most incongruous: which has for its result that whenever you strike a really vital truth you come upon a paradox. Illustrations abound. Now, there are spoken or written paradoxes that are in line with the bafflingly paradoxic nature of the cosmos: these express the deepest truths, and are genuine. But there are ungenuine, manufactured paradoxes which the speaker or writer trots out prettily for his own and the groundling's delectation; and a cultured person has no difficulty in telling them apart and rejecting them without much ado.

What has this to do with the book I am discussing? Everything. And my allusion is not even to the details of its somewhat paradoxical style, for which I ought to be the last to reproach its author; but to the original (or aboriginal) sin of the Yiddish-English paradox in which the book has had its far from immaculate conception. For, surely, when I say that the book is, to my knowledge, the first Yiddish book written in the English language, I do not mean to refer to questions of language at all, but to something profounder, to an underlying deep of perverse psychology. But let me not anticipate. I will try to explain step by step.

II

THE book has been declared by some enthusiasts to be a prophetic utterance. "The Second Book of Samuel" someone called it in a serio-comic vein. More pertinent would it be to call it, in Whitman's language, a barbaric yawp. And, of course, barbaric yawps, original and even aboriginal, are the most attractive things I know of in this disgustingly conventionalized world: still, I wonder if we Jews can, without hurt to our cause, allow ourselves the wild delight of yawping at mankind in such unrestrained fashion? Mind, I am the last man to advocate a cowardly cringing before the Gentile world; the last to urge a policy of mere expediency. It said that this is the first time a Jew addressed the Gentiles frankly; I must differ with this statement. There have been others who have taken the enemies of Israel to task, in no equivocal terms; but they did this without loss of dignity, without such luxuriant rage as exhibited by Maurice Samuel in this book, which is a veritable rhapsody of wrath.

Righteous indignation is one thing, and the raucous shout of a naughty boy lolling out his tongue at the passers-by is another. "You Gentiles" screams at the world so that you fear the vocal chords might snap; but usually nothing more serious happens than an illogical break in the argument. The very title, printed across the jacket in bold characters, fairly bawls at you from the shop-window of the bookseller. Personally, I know no fear; and I certainly do not tremble for my people, whose destiny as the Eternal People seems to me assured. And, moreover, your cultured Gentile, let me repeat, understands the Jewish problem at least as well as the average Jew. Still, this flaming title is seen by not so cultured Gentiles as well; and one has a right to wonder if it is wise, situated as we are, to flaunt our resentment, no matter how just it be, in such unbridled fashion before the whole world? Just how far can we get with such tactics?

Seldom a title gives away the tone and temper of a book as does this. Titles are very much like show windows that suggest rather than reveal the contents of a shop. But this "You Gentiles" at once gives away the whole intent of the work itself. It is like an accusing finger directed pointedly at the world. There rests a tremendous emphasis of condemnation on the little word You: you this, you that, you 'tother! You what? The author was not satisfied with the terrific stress of reproach he crowded into this You; he fairly screeches on page 134, till one sees in fancy the purplish hue of his face: You "dastards, murderers, and thieves!"

Now, I submit that such language, apart from all questions of tact or of expedience, is not in keeping with the Jewish attitude toward those who have wronged us. It is not in keeping with the saying of the rabbis: "Be ye of those who suffer injury rather than of those who inflict injury." It is not in keeping with the declaration of R. Eliezer Ashkenazi, of the sixteenth century, that we must not "curse a whole Christian nation because a portion wrongs us, as little as one would curse one's own brother or son for some wrong inflicted." And, I say, it is out of harmony with the whole temper of the Jewish people, which, if I know my people at all, is forgiving and tolerant, non-resistent to the last degree.

No, it is not Jewish. But, then, I have already said that this is a Yiddish book written in English.

III

ENOUGH about the method of the writer. Now let me analyse his views. In attempting to do so, I do not pretend to give an exact inventory of all the thoughts contained in the book; that is not necessary. I will only confine myself to its central thesis or proposition.

This proposition is that there exists a difference between Jew and Gentile such as there is not between the various Gentile races. A Frenchman may

*"*You Gentiles", by Maurice Samuel. (Harcourt, Brace and Company.)*

be different from a German; but that difference is nothing compared with the disparity between Jew and Gentile. It is a more radical difference, a difference of level, of quality and attribute, such as mere racial difference does not entirely account for. In other words, if I understand the author aright, the difference is not so much between Jew and Gentile as between Western civilisation and Eastern civilisation, meaning by the latter the Palestinian, prophetic outlook. The whole world is thus bifurcated: we Jews and you Gentiles. One half the world is Gentile, the other half is Jewish, and the Jewish half appears, naturally, as the better half. The Jew is placed in the uncomfortable position of the one saint in a company of sinners. We must perceive at once that nothing is easier than this bifurcation of the world into two halves assumed to be antithetical. We have come to suspect any such division in all departments of thought, as being altogether too simple: life is too complex for this black-and-white, tare-and-wheat classification. There are degrees in between; points of contact; similarities; cross-references. A real thinker always accepts the existence of superficial differences as a challenge to the establishment of thoroughgoing agreements. And so, perhaps this Jew-Gentile problem, or, more precisely, East-West problem, cannot be solved on the basis of obvious differences alone; we must search, in order to obtain a correct view, for the deeper agreements and resemblances.

What, according to Samuel, are these differences? Fundamentally, there is but one difference, from which all others branch off. The Western outlook upon life is the sporting one: life is a game, an adventure. The Eastern or Jewish view is: life is real, life is earnest (to quote Longfellow, though this poet was not a Jew). From this difference flow all other dissimilarities: on the one hand, the Jewish love of peace, the Jewish dislike of sport and athletics, the Jewish insistence on morality as over against loyalty, the Jewish lack of discipline, etc., and on the other, the opposite traits of all these supposedly Jewish attributes of character as found among the Gentiles.

As said, I will not treat of these details separately. I rather resent the fact that Samuel openly says that the Jew is incapable of loyalty—a dangerous statement to make; though, being a paradox, it is not to be taken too seriously: still it is a statement open to grave misunderstanding. And I rather suspect the correctness of his placing loyalty and morality at opposite poles, as if they belonged to different world-views: it shows that he has a queer conception of both loyalty and morality. But I do not care to take him up on these details; I want to address myself, rather, to his central idea: The West regards life as a game; the East, as a serious business.

I am leaving aside the question of whether these two views are absolutely irreconcilable. Is there not room in life for both? Does not the individual experience of both Jew and Gentile include both moods, the sportive and the serious mood? And, as a matter of the larger experience of the respective races, is there not just as much seriousness in the Gentile world as in the Jewish? I am leaving these questions aside, chiefly because on the whole I agree with Samuel on this main point. It is true that the difference between Western civilisation and Eastern civilisation (or at least one of the differences), lies in this difference of temper, of attitude,—the sportive as over against the serious temper or attitude. I do not hold them so far apart as Samuel does, but I admit that the difference exists.

The point, however, that I insist upon is this: Is it possible to crowd the differences between East and West into this one statement? Is it as simple as all this? From Samuel's own standpoint here are two worlds, the East and the West, poles apart; so far apart that there can be no possibility of reconciliation or neighborly accord between them: now then, if this be true, can the difference exist only in one single trait? And, again, if there be only one differing trait, can the abyss between these two worlds be really so deep and wide as to be unbridgable? Is it reasonable?

This argument is used only to indicate that as an analysis of the cultural souls of East and West Samuel's statement is next to worthless. As a matter of fact there are other differences between Western and Eastern civilisation perhaps more momentous than the one mentioned by him. Do I appear to be strengthening Samuel's case? That does not matter, so long as I weaken his argument. I am after proving that his conclusion is wrong, though his premise is right, probably more right than he seems to know. This difference between the gamesome and the grave attitude toward life is obviously a difference in temper, in subtle mental reaction. More important, I think, and more central, is the difference between East and West with regard to their respective views concerning human personality. Western civilisation, or rather Greek philosophy upon which it is based, had no conception of the sacredness of human personality, of the inviolateness of human worth, whereas Jewish ethics as exemplified in the Jewish prophets was directly based upon this idea. It is the distinct contribution of the Jewish spirit to human thought, this idea that no man dare violate, dare trespass upon, the inner shrine of his fellow-man's being. A wrong done to our brother-man is not wrong because it has hurt him but because it has rudely tampered with the sacred privacy of his selfhood. Hence flowered the Jewish passion for freedom, the Jewish longing for universal justice and peace, rather than from the admitted temperamental difference between the austere soul of the Jew and the lighter, more adventurous spirit of the Gentile. In Greek philosophy, even in Plato (whom Samuel seems to understand but imperfectly, though he writes about him with characteristic assurance), there is no sign of such understanding of the sacredness of personality: slavery is retained in the Platonic Utopia. The subject is really too large, and can here be touched upon in the briefest manner only.

This then is the central difference, which Samuel does not mention at all. It is seldom fair to criticise an author for what he does not say. In this case, however, it seems eminently fair. For Samuel sets up a philosophy of Jewish life based upon an analysis of the differences between East and West; and if that analysis is shown to be inadequate doubt is presently cast upon the author's competency to deal with the weighty problems involved. There is, in addition, another difference: namely, that the Greek never believed in the universal perfectibility of man: his view was aristocratic. The Jew alone (not so the Christian) believes that all men can be regenerated or perfected. And, lastly, the Jewish vision was realistic: he placed his Utopia, his Kingdom of God, here on earth, not in some far-off heaven. Even Plato's perfect city was but an empty dream; the philosopher himself declared it to be that: its location is in heaven or in the heart's impotent desire.

To sum up, then, and without being able to discuss the points mentioned to any extent, these are the differences between the spirit of the West and the soul of the East: (a) The Hebrew

sense of the eternal worth of personality, which was lacking among the Hellenes; (b) the Hebrew belief in the universal perfectibility of man, opposed by the aristocratic Greek and Christian view of selective regeneration; (c) the realism of the Hebrew vision, as compared with the romanticism of the Greek and Christian eschatology; and, lastly, (d) the seriousness of the Jew as over against the sportiveness of the Western mind. Samuel bases his whole thesis upon the last point of distinction only. This is significant.

I seem to be pouring water on Samuel's mill by pointing out even more numerous lines of cleavage than he did, or seems to know of; but, nevertheless, I ask Mr. Samuel (who, though he points out but one striking difference between Jew and Gentile, considers that decisive) how he accounts for so many points of similarity? How does he explain the deep ethical tone of Plato's writing? How does he explain the fact that in both the Greek and the Roman scriptures the term holiness, which seems the masterword of the Hebrew Bible, is found quite as often, and practically to the same intent and throbbing with the same passion? He cannot take refuge in the trival remark of his that though two persons may see red, the "redness" in one case is not quite the same as the "redness" in the other! How account for the fact that the pagans spoke of God, the Father, the same as the Hebrews? that they had their mystics who spoke of God-imitation as we did, of the burning desire of participation in the being of God even as did our prophets and psalmists, and long before the latter? How about the similarity between the Stoic City of God and the Hebrew Kingdom of Heaven? How is it that as the Jews prayed for the coming of the Messiah and the Christians for the Second Coming of Christ, the Romans sighed for the return of Numa? And is there really so great a difference, *in essence*, between a *Hosanna* in Jerusalem and an *Ave* in Rome? Does not our eternal humanity, tormented everywhere by the same doubts and desires, express itself pretty much everywhere in similar ways? Lastly, how does Mr. Samuel explain the fact that the dominant personalities both on the Pagan, Graeco-Roman side and the Hebrew side are all of the same redemptive, prophetic type? Does he mean to tell us that there is a real difference—again I say: *in essence* —between Amos, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Hillel, Jesus, in Jerusalem; and Socrates, Plato, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Seneca, in Athens and Rome? Are not the same spiritual and intellectual forces at work in all these great minds?

No, Mr. Samuel, the matter is not quite so simple as you seem to think. "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,"—and between heaven and earth, too,—than are dreamt of in "You Gentiles."

IV

TO return to the point I made before that not alone do I grant Samuel's thesis concerning the difference between East and West, I even add more arguments than he adduced in its favor. And yet I dissent from his conclusion that because these differences are so great there can be no possible harmony between the Jewish race and the Gentile races; there can but be an unrelieved and endless contest. They do not merely "agree to differ"; they differ most disagreeably. They cannot live side by side; to quote him: "They cannot remain in contact without antagonism."

I am a nationalist Jew; a Zionist; a Hebraist; and I do not altogether relish the contact between Jew and Gentile. My reason, however, is not that there must spring up an antagonism between Jew and Gentile whenever they are in contact, but that Jews have so far not shown any ability or inclination to resist Gentile influence whenever, under a democracy, they have participated in the general life. My reason for not relishing this Jew-Gentile contact lies not in Gentile truculence but in Jewish feebleness, in the lack of moral fibre shown by the Jew, who is but too prone to assimilate in the wrong way. If the Jew were stronger in morale I should not mind Jew-Gentile contact at all; for the two groups have much to learn from each other, and I do not believe, as Samuel does, that the bitter fruit of this contact must be friction, antagonism, hostility on both sides. It is the Jew I blame, not the Gentile, for whatever poisonous fruit the contiguity of Jew and Gentile has thus far produced. And I believe that, given finer Jewish morale, the relations between Jew and Gentile would shape themselves much more satisfactorily than hitherto; in fact, it would lead to the gradual banishment of prejudice. It all depends upon the Jew himself. A Jewish Jew, a real Jew, free from both extremes, from the Ghetto extreme as from the assimilationist extreme, would not be exposed to the shafts of a world's hatred, but would rather win respect for himself and for his people.

Respect is the key to the situation, respect for one's own individuality. Such self-respect would command, would call forth respect in others. Moreover, respect of one's individuality implies and demands equal respect for the individuality of others. This means, not that either should give up an iota of what contributes to the making of his highest and noblest self, but that, maintaining individual differences, and cherishing them as sacred and inviolate, both should transcend their differences and live amicably together, or side by side, remaining ever the same, "*semper idem*," yet laboring harmoniously for the good of mankind. Samuel's fallacy is that he lifts race-pride to the dignity of an ennobled and glorified consciousness of self. At the risk of repetition I must again give expression to my oft-uttered thought that to cherish one's individuality does not mean to perpetuate its faults; much less to antagonise some other individuality. It does not mean mere peculiarity, mere eccentricity; if peculiarity it is, it is a purified and enhanced peculiarity patterned after some high ideal, and if eccentricity it is, it is an eccentricity resulting from a conscientious and prayerful re-drawing of life's circle around an ideal point conceived as central to one's personal mission. This is far different from the race-egotism, underlying Samuel's thinking, which excludes all harmony and co-operation.

Samuel's thought appears to me as a kind of hedge-hog philosophy. What do I mean by that? At a distance the hedge-hog's back looks smooth; but when you approach it, it presently puts up every bristle as a protective measure. We Jews, at least many of us, are addicted to, and therefore are victims of this hedge-hog philosophy. We bristle. We consider every approach an unfriendly one; whereas, if we ceased to bristle, if we could abandon the suspicions and misgivings of the hunted animal, we might soon find that there was plenty of friendliness left in the world even toward the Jew. My idea is that individuality does not mean to be caparisoned in a crest of sharp bristles pointed at every passer-by. Individuality is altogether too sacred and too delicate a thing—it is the flower of the soul—to have it violated and marred by the blight of excessive pride and violent intran-

(Continued on page 117)

A Group of Fantasies

By Regina Miriam Bloch

The Eternal Pawns

TWO women were talking behind me in the interval of a play. "The marriage is impossible," said the first. "He comes of one of the best families in the county. They landed in England with the Normans and she is only a little milliner. She actually used to serve me in the shop." . . . . .

As she ceased I heard a thin rattling afar, like the Lazarus clapper of some mediaeval leper.

"Lord Death!" cried a voice shrill with reproof, "What doest thou? Thou hast mixed the bones of a King with those of a beggar?"

"O World," answered Death coldly, "where is the difference?"

And he rattled them a little louder.

The Implacable Foe

THE Day of Judgment was over. Flame still burnt fitfully above the riven earth, columns of smoke obscured the rended heavens.

A spirit stood in the ghostly light, its garments singed, its robes heavy with the dews of resurrection.

It spoke to its fellow, saying: "As I arose, I was terrified for lo! when the grave next to mine unclosed, my worst enemy on earth came forth at the sound of the Trump Sheol.

"And I crouched down in fear, crying: 'I knew not thou wert buried by my side. Have I not suffered hell at thy hands?'

"My terrible foe did not speak. I looked into his face and then I saw that he was myself. . . ."

And he went on into the chequered glow.

A Dream of the Sea

ONE of the bright, celestial sisterhood came to me. I marvelled at the awe and wonder in her eyes.

I said: "Wherefore?"

She gave me her hand and soon we were beside the gates of Heaven.

To my amaze, they were swinging wide, their ports unhinged in all their supreme beauty, while beneath pendants of cloudy rose and green, I viewed an endless procession approach unto them. And the sound of their feet was as thunder. I said: "Who are these?"

She whispered: "Hush! For the Sea is giving up its dead."

I looked and saw the re-arisen of the waters passing on. There were the Egyptians in their chariots who pursued the tribes of Israel and were drowned in the Red Sea. The charioteers still held their broken scourges and on their heads reared the proud emblems of the Pharaohs. Here were merchant-men of Tyre and Tarshish who went down to the sea in ships and never returned. Spaniards from the Armada with gold rings in their ears. Sappho, the Greek poetess drowned at Leucady, her tresses enwoven with corals and amber, and dwellers of primeval Atlantis. Viking Kings redeemed from the burning galleys wherein their bodies were drifted out to sea, and people of submerged sea-cities—pious Dutch burghers with their prayer-books, from churches whose bells are heard under the waters on clear days. Druids with white, fleecy beards and branches of alder and quicken-boughs, Breton peasants in sabots and blue smocks from the lost town of Caer-Ys, women in high head-dresses, visored Knights and Kings of Camelot and Lyonesse.

There, too, were Maeve the sad Irish Queen, from her tomb of pink sea-shells, the Persian legions who fell with Xerxes at the battle of Salamis in all their glittering array, the warriors whom Antony and Cleopatra forfeited at Actium, and marines of the Trojan galleys. Vassals from the cogs and dromons of King Arthur, rowers from the triremes of Corinth, Assyrian and Phoenician traders in necklaces and ankle-rings, Gauls and Danes with great manes of hair, early saints from forsaken isles, fishermen of Norroway and Iceland, seekers, and explorers for new continents who reached the long shores of America before the birth of Columbus. Aztec and Incas slaves drowned to propitiate the sea-gods, wearing emeralds in their locks, long-curled sailors who had fought with Nelson and Drake and armies of nameless unhappy men and women, some with the pearls of princes in head-bands red with rust, others ragged and poor, mothers with babes in their arms, maidens and grandsires, children, boys and haloed martyrs, trooping prophets, priests and poets.

And from them flowed an overpowering perfume of brine and algeous weeds. They were draggled, their faces peaked with salty spume, foam clung to their skirts and shells were set gem-wise upon their drab, green garments. Their feet beat on like the tide itself, thunderous as breaking combers against immutable cliffs, toward the litten gates.

Their voices sang in one hollow roar: "We are the dead of the sea! The hostage of the waters, the living sea-fruit of the Lord! He hath rolled back the flood-wave of the centuries, our bones are knit, our flesh is firm. Our eyes are sighted that were eaten clean away in our skulls, our drowned voices are upraised, our ears are hearing, which the waters cleft these many thousand years! Heark, to the song of the drowned, the lost in deep waters, the sea-gulls of God!"

And as they tramped in one tumultuous, cosmic horde and reached us nigh the gate, the Shining Sister shuddered, fleeing from my side.

I screamed aloud for terror and awoke. . . . . .

A Song of Poverty

I BEHELD two women meeting upon the outskirts of the City Celestial, all paled by agate and alabaster and sweet with the echo of viols.

The one woman was royally apparelled. The second was attired in the grave-clothes of a pauper.

Then the beggar-woman fell on her knees before the rich and cried: "Lady, wert thou not empress of Byzantium?"

The other spake: "Yea, friend. I died two days agone and was buried in that regal city."

The poor woman said: "I was a water-seller in the street before thy palace. Oft thou wert borne past upon thy purple litter. Of late, sickness smote me and I died amid the garbage on thy highway. Now I am afraid of all the magnificence of heaven and feel too poor to approach it alone."

Then the Empress smiled upon her with her beautiful eyes, saying: "Come with me."

Together they clomb up the Ladder of Bethel, and went along the lambent road that leadeth to the Throne of God.

I saw them ascend the stairway toward the Light. Yet when they

reached the topmost step where the Arch-Angels are as a clustered shield of lily-work before the Lord, lo! the pinions of these Angels leapt aslant from their shoulders and set into a banner, shutting out His Light.

The women stood abashed within this shadow.

God spake from behind the wings: "Guardians, who cometh that you close against me?"

The Arch-Angels said: "Lord, two spirits newly roused from earth."

God said: "Seraphim, why do you hide them?"

They answered: "The one is uncleanly clad."

The beggar fell forward upon her face and wept. The Empress bode silent, though her jeweled head drooped low.

God said: "What is upon her?"

The Arch-Angels answered: "On her feet are sandals cut from the hide of flayed beasts. Upon her body is stuff woven in the fleece of sheep and the breast-feathers of nesting birds. The fur of carcasses hems her mantle, it is stitched over countless times with the sweat and tears of slavery. About her neck hangeth a chain of bubbles stolen from the shells of diseased sea-creatures, and on her brow is the symbol of power over a wicked city, coined in the gold of Mammon. Greed and dust are upon her, with the fruit of her vanities."

Then the Empress knelt confounded beside the beggar and her crown rolled down the steps.

God said: "What weareth the other?"

The Arch-Angels spake: "A robe of linen and a simple shroud Thy light hath bleached white from the stains of earth.

The Byzantine beggar gazed timidly upon herself, and lo! her grave-cloths had changed into dazzling whiteness.

God Spake: "Let her appear unto Me, for she is pure."

Then the midmost Arch-Angels, who are Raphael and Michael, lifted their pinions a little until there was a narrow space between through which the Light drave as a spear flung out.

They said unto the beggar: "Daughter draw nigh."

And obediently the woman rose to her feet.

Then she drew back, crying: "I will not leave this, my sister, for she took my hand when I trembled alone by the gate."

The Arch-Angels said: "She cannot approach in her tainted garments."

Wistfully the beggar-woman bent down over the fallen Empress. And she untied the sandals on her feet, the pearls from her neck; she unclasped her kirtle and cast away her rare vesture. She flung her own shroud about her as a mantle and only the grave-smock remained to her.

She raised the Empress in her arms and said: "Come with me, sister."

The Arch-Angels dropped their wings with a glad shout, and the full Light of the Lord was as a canopy of gold all about them.

I saw the women vanish into its radiance.

The shimmer of their transfigured faces beat down upon the night wherein I dwell.

Emil Armin

By Beatrice S. Levy

SEVERAL years ago, in the painting class at the Art Institute of Chicago taught that winter by Randall Darey, there was a kindly young man, much loved by his fellow students. He was always ready with a helping hand whether an easel was to be moved or a canvas stretched. His work was different and not at all academic, and though the instructor realized its promise, others did not sense that these strange studies had real value. Emil Armin was searching for expression instead of copying clever technical paint tricks as students usually do. To him technique meant much more than effective finish; so later, when he worked at Hull House in the short-lived Expressionist School of Herman Sachs, he began to find some of the things he had been searching for. His development has been constant since that time.

If you have read some of the colorful stories of the lives and works of artists of the past and found them absorbing and interesting, how much more interesting you would find it to walk out on Fifty-seventh street in Chicago and, as you approached the beautiful old Field Museum in Jackson Park to stop at number 1546. There at Armin's studio you could really visit with a contemporary who is as much a dreamer and as consistent and idealistic an artist soul as any of the painters or sculptors of your story books.

The Young Artist, Armin

During your visit you might see examples of Armin's work. Perhaps a canvas called "Rush Orders" would be hanging on the wall. This delightfully lively and humorous picture of tailors was shown two years ago at the Exhibition of works by Chicago Artists at the Art Institute. The paint strokes are in keeping with the subject and resemble the stitches in coarse wool embroidery. Armin says in explanation that they are "stitches in oil." A water color of great interest is "South Chicago—Back of the Steel Mills." In this Armin has expressed his irritation at the hot, windy, dusty day and the grinding of the mills. "Easter Procession" harks back to memories of the artist's early youth and gives us Roumanian peasants in a brightly colored pattern before the altar of a church.

SOME of his woodcarvings may be there, a painting on glass or a composition sculptured in stone; and through all may be seen the evidence of a simple and naive way of looking at our complex world. The wood carv-

Two wood carvings by Armin, "Meditation" (left), and "Prophesy" (right). The figure in the center, "Miriam" is limestone.

ings consist of little figures or decorated candlesticks and boxes quaintly designed. "Tales of War" shows us two old veterans of some past war seated opposite each other, talking it over as old men do. Their faces and postures express their mental state and this is achieved with a minimum of detail. Inspired by "Jeremiah," Armin has carved the "Prophesy."

He finds subject matter everywhere and all about him; so we find in his work figures of Roumanian peasants and of city folks on Michigan Avenue as well as the imaginative creatures of pure fancy. A cleverly planned cigarette box has two squirrels for a handle on its cover, and on another box for which the design motive is cats and dogs, a black pussy cat reposes. Leaves, greatly simplified and beautifully adapted, form a growth pattern for a charming candlestick and there is a door knocker, too, that Armin had much joy in making. Visitors to an exhibition at Ida Noyes Hall in the winter of 1923-24 were much attracted by a stone carving of a young woman. This wistful and calmly seated figure Armin calls "Miriam." Painted on glass with her little brother is the "Roumanian Shepherdess." She carries on her shoulder the characteristic jug of water and strides buoyantly towards you. All these examples of work in different materials will convince you that Armin is never hampered by his medium. His treatment of the material is as fundamental as his thinking.

If you are sympathetic Armin will discuss his philosophy with you. Every idea has a novel freshness with him, for although he reads he does not quote and thinks things out in his own way from the beginning. He believes that there must be an incentive for work and that it must come from some motive within the being, must rest on some individual belief. He says that it seems to him that the early Christians under the influence of the religious fervor of the Church worked like a great orchestra, but that today we work as soloists and consequently, if art of value is to be produced, it must come from the urge of some need within the individual. He thinks that the Jews in their great religious faith would have produced as great a plastic art, if not greater, than the Greeks had they not been a wandering people and had they not been forbidden to create images. He says, "Beliefs weaken as the climaxes of art periods are passed. Nothing is born without great emotions and to copy a past period is futile. There may be silent years for art when human souls feel no spirit for a great vision. Crafts are developed as industriously as ever but the feeble gods give no incentive to great emotion."

ARMIN is a religious man and is intensely Jewish in feeling. It is so seldom in this commercial world where most painting is done for money and fame, that we find a man motivated by sincere faith, who works for the love of truth and beauty and who sacrifices as Armin does for his ideal. Living on a meager sum earned by working twice a week in a clothing store owned by a relative, he is content to work and dream and look on cheerfully at the contortions of the crowd and its mad chase after gold and glory.

Armin's background has, of course, much to do with his development; so it may be interesting to know that he hails from the little village of Bucovina in Roumania and that he did not come to America until he was twenty-one years old. He comes from an artistic family. His father was an embroiderer of designs for the robes of priests, and a brother and a sister also followed him in the joy they found in the fashioning of beautiful things. Armin attended the *Fachshule* in his native town and after coming to Chicago, where a number of his relatives were settled, he struggled for eight years so that he could at odd times attend the evening school and later the day school of the Art Institute. Though technical knowledge must be acquired, it is forgotten when Armin reads "Jeremiah" or thinks of a mountain peasant girl of Roumania, for these things, he says, are stronger than academic training.

Silbermann

By Jacques de Lacretelle

The third installment of the French prize novel

The story up to this Point

SILBERMANN is persecuted by his school fellows primarily because he is a Jew, but his intelligence and literary gifts also excite the envy of the brighter boys while the keen wit with which he defends himself against the assaults of the more dull-witted only arouses more intense feeling against him. His only friend and would-be protector is the writer of the story who is actuated by admiration of Silbermann's gifts as well as by a lofty desire to sacrifice himself for the sake of this representative of a down-trodden race. In so doing he is obliged to give up many of his own desires and what is more, loses the friendship of his old companion, Philippe Robin. Although he visits Silbermann's home very frequently he does not take the boy home with him until his parents urge him to do so. Then he introduces Silbermann with some trepidation not knowing just how his parents will receive him.

WHEN he arrived I was alone in the drawing room. He examined everything very closely. Catching sight of a book which lay on my mother's work-table, he turned it over to see the name. It was, I remember Amiel's "*Journal Intime*". Silbermann gave a little smile that I could not interpret, but which displeased me. He greeted my parents with the utmost respect, but as soon as the conversation began I had a feeling of discomfort. At the slightest hint of a question he began to talk with a volubility which, I was sure, was in my father's opinion the height of bad taste. He went on during lunch telling any stories about himself in which he appeared to advantage. He spoke of his reading, his travels, his future plans . . . . I saw my mother watching him with an expression of fear, as if she divined a diabolical motive in this unusual intellectual activity. Nothing was heard from my father except monosyllables.

And the most extraordinary thing was that this spirited energy, which ordinarily delighted me, made an unpleasant impression even on me. Silbermann, in his desire to shine, searched his mind for unusual anecdotes and paradoxical opinions. And nothing was more startling than the effect of his words in an atmosphere where I had never heard the expression of other than measured opinions and accepted judgments. I positively suffered in listening to him; my hands were clenched. I should have liked to give him a hint to stop; but he had not the slightest uneasiness about the impression he was making. My father and my mother in turn accorded him a forced smile, and he addressed himself to each gracious listener in succession.

I was relieved to see the meal coming to an end. My father retired to his study, where, a little while later, Silbermann went to say good-bye to him. He glanced at the bookcase, full of law books and juridicial registers, and said: "After all, wasn't the idea of justice, as La Rochefoucauld said, born of the lively fear of being deprived of that which belongs to us?"

My father, with frigid politeness, made a non-committal gesture.

In the evening my mother said to me: "Your friend appears to be very intelligent," in the same tone that one might say of a swindler, that he was "very ingenious."

His failure to impress my family did not lower Silbermann in my estimation. I looked upon it rather as a proof of a certain limitation on the part of my family. The surroundings in which I lived seemed to me narrow, limited, incapable of allowing for intelligence. Little customs to which I had always submitted appeared ridiculous to me. I began to see that even the things in our rooms, which I had never looked at critically because they were so familiar, were very ugly. I was less glad to spend time at home, and, partly through shame of my surroundings, partly through fear that he would notice that my parents disliked him, I arranged that Silbermann should come there as little as possible.

But our relations did not suffer. It seemed indeed as if Silbermann couldn't get on without me. He took me everywhere. On Sundays we generally went to the theatre. As soon as the curtain had fallen on the last act, he would pronounce on the piece and on the actors a peremptory decree of praise or condemnation, which crystallized the judgment of my slower mind. On Thursdays we would go to some bookshop; he would discuss editions and bindings; he would bargain, buy, or make an exchange. He always had plenty of money in his pocket, and his generosity to me, when we went out together, often made me blush. At the end of the day, after having made up my accounts—a habit enjoined on me by my father—I would amuse myself by calculating how much he had spent, and would find myself confronted by large sums.

Our talk was not always of art or literature. He followed political events and social movements with the same interest and experience, and was fond of holding forth on these subjects.

He took me one day to a curious place where a popular demonstration was being held. He had a red rosette in his buttonhole, and made fraternal remarks to his neighbors. I followed him in the crowd, very much alarmed, and after a moment I begged him to turn back. On our way back we passed a spot at the top of Montmartre, from which there is a view of Paris. We stopped. The sight of the town at his feet seemed to excite Silbermann strangely. Declaiming vigorously into space, he expounded his theories and gave me a picture of the society of the future. He affirmed his belief in the amelioration of the lot of mankind and in universal happiness.

"Those times will come," he exclaimed, "as certainly as the sun will rise tomorrow."

Intoxicated by this promise, I enthusiastically followed his finger which, pointing towards the town, indicated with a destructive movement everything which must be swept away, and traced the plan of the new community.

"To make the material paradise of humanity a reality—who will have that glory?" he said dreamily.

And his eyes shone as if it had become clear to him who this Messiah would be.

Thus the winter passed.

At the *lycée* Silbermann kept up his run of successes, in spite of the fact that he was often censured for his lack

of method. Our French master also reproached him for the abuse which he made of his reading, and the skill with which he appropriated the ideas and the style of others; and he indicated that this proceeding, coming from Silbermann, did not surprise him.

Spring was the sign for the resumption of hostilities against Silbermann. The outdoor games began again, and everyone took part in them with renewed energy. In the yard the boys would make circles round Silbermann, and savagely keep him prisoner. They gibed at his ugliness, which had become more and more striking, for, as he developed, he lost the air of childish precocity which had given him a kind of grace. Insulted, jostled, with a new assailant always attacking him, he would hold out savagely, replying first to one and then another; finally, goaded to desperation, he would attempt to break loose, and would be thrown down.

That year there were elections, and violent preparations were made for them. In all parts of the town the walls were covered with placards vividly colored to catch the eye. We would stop and read them, and arrive at the *lycée* in a state of excitement over the party disputes. The league of the "Frenchmen of France" played an important part in the struggle. It developed its campaign against the Jews by proclamations, meetings, and conferences. Philippe Robin, at his uncle's instigation, distributed anti-Semitic badges and libellous literature wherever they were wanted. In the school the campaign found a victim in Silbermann. His name was written and caricatures of him were drawn, on the walls beside the placards. Finally, Montclar organized a regular gang against him in the school.

Montclar was a curious figure. Most of his co-disciples of Saint-Xavier, with their lank limbs, pale hands and faces, each with some curious distinctive feature, a sort of heraldic emblem—a thin, bony nose, a contracted forehead, or a feminine curve—seemed to belong to a decadent species; but he stood out among them by reason of his normal build and his assumption of leadership.

And he had the soul of a leader too. He chose three or four of the most brutal, dull, servile boys in the class and set them against Silbermann. In the yard he would go towards him at the head of them, and, keeping a little distance away from him (his pose was that he couldn't personally go near such an abject creature), he would begin to insult him.

"Jew, tell us when you're going back to your ghetto; we don't want you here. Jew, why have you got goat's ears?"

Silbermann, while showing signs of fear, like those of a weak animal which knows it is being pursued, would reply pluckily to every word. Then, at a sign from Montclar, the others would hurl themselves on him, throw him on the ground, and beat him mercilessly. If I tried to go to his rescue I was stopped and held back. I could see the battle going on from a distance. I could hear Montclar applauding one of his mercenaries and see the latter acknowledge this favor from his chief by redoubled brutality. I noticed Robin among the attackers. He did not hit very hard, and with his fair, ruffled hair he looked like a page at his first call to arms. Our eyes would often meet, but his would turn away at once, as if to avoid the supplication in mine; and it was terrible for me to see the charm of this face, which I had loved not long since, harden into callousness.

Sometimes Haase or Cremieux would find themselves by chance on the outskirts of the struggle. They refrained from intervening and Haase would sometimes even address a word or two of flattery to the aggressors. At the same time you could see in their eyes a glimmer of secret sympathy or vague uneasiness—it was hard to tell which—that made one think of the obscure feelings by which dogs are moved on seeing one of their kind being attacked.

Silbermann would get up with his clothes torn and filthy with dust. I would hurry over to him and pick up his scattered books and papers. While he was in their hands his face had been pasted over with the labels which the anti-Semitic propagandists stuck all over the walls. His forehead and cheeks would be tattooed with these little many-colored squares, bearing the words "Down with the Jews!" I would help him to take them off and wipe his face. His eyes glittered, and he foamed at the mouth. They had pulled his hair, and I would tidy it with my hands. They would stand round us grinning, but I would take no notice. It was a matter of conscience for me, and this glory raised me far above human judgments.

But at these junctures Silbermann, who was never completely beaten, could not refrain from making a retort. Still trembling from his defeat, he would begin to argue again, with mocking gestures, defying those who surrounded us. It may have been courage, but above all it was the desire to win, prompted by a rigid pride; it was the ambition, more tenacious than any other feeling, to prove his superiority. So the battle would burst out anew. They would rush on him again, and I would see him struggling on the ground once more, like a fragment of worm wriggling beneath a heel.

I would gently point out to him afterwards, in a little lecture, how clumsy his tactics were; and he would reply in a hoarse voice, with a flaming look, "How can I help it? The more you suppress us, the more we react."

It was true. I could see now how much he was preoccupied with the idea of revenge. All occasions seemed to him suitable for taking the opposite side. His superior intellect helped, but on one occasion it nearly cost him dear.

Our French master had given us leave to learn whatever piece of poetry we liked as our lesson. I had learned some stanzas by André Chénier, which, thanks to Silbermann, I had just read, and whose inspiration had left me all on fire. I asked Silbermann what he had chosen, but he kept it secret from me.

"They'll see," he said, with the expression of someone who has something up his sleeve.

The recitations began. The lazier boys, who were not particularly conscientious, contented themselves with looking over something which, unknown to the master, they had learned before, and congratulated themselves on having taken so little trouble. The timid ones were disconcerted by this first taste of liberty; some of them as they rose blushed at betraying their preference. Everybody waited for Silbermann's turn with a feeling of curiosity, for his wide knowledge and original tastes were well known. The master called his name and asked him what he had learned.

"Some verses by Victor Hugo, sir. . . . A passage from *Dieu*."

He rose and, looking arrogantly round the class-room, began to recite:

Dieu! J'ai dit Dieu. Pourquoi? Qui le voit? Qui le prouve?
C'est le vivant qu'on cherche et le cercueil qu'on trouve.
Qui donc peut adorer? Qui donc peut affirmer?
Dès qu'on croit ouvrir l'être, on le sent se fermer.
Dieu! cri sans but peut-être, et nom vide et terrible!
Souhait que fait l'esprit devant l'inaccessible!
Invocation vaine, aventurée au fond
Du précipice aveugle, où nos songes s'en vont!

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Ernst Toller, a Poet of the Younger Generation

By Israel Auerbach
Berlin Correspondent of the B'nai B'rith Magazine

ON July 15 of this year, Ernst Toller was released from the Niedershonenfeld penitentiary in Bavaria. For five years the young, frail poet, hungering for freedom and work, languished in prison. The younger generation, whose prophet he is and the intelligentsia of the country vainly applied many times for his pardon. Dozens of political agitators and traitors went free, pardoned or allowed to escape through a back door; but Ernst Toller had to drink the cup to the dregs. Of course the banner under which his crime was committeed was not that of the Hackenkreutzler; he worked for a noble ideal; his work was not the work of hate but of love for humanity, not war, but everlasting peace; for that he had to suffer.

But his spirit was not broken by force. The prison walls were not thick enough to smother him. He remained awake, and strong and clean. Poem after poem came to light through prison walls; drama after drama reached the German stage; one beautiful truth after another, like trumpet tones, stirred unhappy humanity and spread belief and strength. When the author finally left the prison and reentered the world, his brain children were already alive on the stage, and loyal audiences were gratefully hanging on his words. His sufferings had not been in vain.

It is no accident that Ernst Toller is a Jew. He became a prophet because he was a Jew, and from a prophet he became a dramatic prophet because the stage is the best medium for prophesy. Toller's dramas are his prophetic messages. They have nothing, absolutely nothing, in common with the worthless poetic dramas of mediocre, pot-boiling authors, written to please the public in these troubled times; dramas which only lull to deeper sleep the already slumbering conscience of the public. Toller writes with blood, the warm, flowing blood of a great heart, his life's blood. His subjects are of the highest type, the universal problems of humanity: birth, death, luck, suffering, martyrdom and heroism; mistakes and punishments, salvation of the individual, the masses, the people and all humanity. His final aim is the realm of the future, the day of days. So he gives promise of being one of the greatest men of his line.

Ernst Toller

THE life of this thirty-one year old poet is very simple. He comes from a family of merchants in Samotschin, a small village of the former province of Posen, that "east-Jewish" Germany which gave to the Jewry of the country perhaps the most important representative of the last generation. As a boy he showed signs of being unusual: he broke away from the confines of the little town, disappeared for a trip of adventure to Denmark; and when barely thirteen years old defied the hard, fixed conventions by publishing a newspaper article in which he defended a poor, downtrodden creature against his mighty oppressors, with the result that he was nearly suspended from school. As he grew older he broke through the conventions again and again. As a student he found the boundaries of his country too narrow; he chose to go to Grenoble, France, and later wandered through the southern part of France and Italy. In Lyons he was overtaken by the outbreak of the war in 1914. It was only by means of an adventurous flight through Switzerland that he was able to escape interment in the country that had been so dear to him but had now become an enemy.

The war was the greatest event in the life of this glowing spirit. He greeted it with joy. Not the joy of a rowdy to whom the spilling of blood is merely a natural expression of strength but the joy of a tortured spirit waiting for salvation. What the torture was and what the joy, is mirrored in the first scene of his first drama, "Wandlung." The desire to break through another bar, that of the "new Jewish ghetto," had long been pent up within him. It tortured him, as a Jew, to be an outcast; a stranger to the Jews and kept at a distance by others, a disgusting hybrid: "To those over there I belong, and am ready to prove it. Where have I a home, mother? The others have a home where they can take root. They are one with the earth . . . they have their land, to which they can offer themselves." This was his torment. And now the sudden outbreak of the war brought this jubilant cry: "Oh, the battle will unite us all . . . this great time will make us all great . . . the spirit will be resurrected, all pettiness will be destroyed, all ridiculous, artificial barriers torn down . . . now I can do my duty . . . now I can prove that I belong to them!" With this jubilant cry he, like so many thousands of Jewish youths, voluntarily threw himself into the war.

What the war meant to him is told in his poetry; and while that is typical of the experiences of hundreds of thousands it is a new story to just as many others. It was a great disappointment, an overwhelming series of disappointments. Not the least of them was the disappointment of the Jews. The comrades (the first and second soldiers in the third scene of "Wandlung") tell it with brutal frankness: "And if you fight a thousand wars in our ranks, you still remain the stranger, the man without a country." This manifestation may have

been the beginning of Toller's awakening. From the start he hated his war duties that reached their climax in brutal murder, and was repulsed by the orgies of hate and revenge that he saw about him. But after he was severely wounded he broke down completely when, in the hospital, he met with all the cruel torture of war.

YET Toller's spirit was too strong to be slain by this negative experience. That which broke was simply the erring, confused, mislead, pre-war man. His real self, which fundamentally had been contending against all this, became free. The man who had been drunk with the spirit of war was dead, the one with the spirit of peace had come to life; dead, the believer in force, alive, the man with knowledge of the spirit; dead, slave of the reigning powers, alive the standard-bearer of a new freedom. Incapacitated for further service, Toller, a changed man, returned to civil life unable to keep pent up within himself the knowledge that he had bought with his blood. His path led him to the universities of Munich and Heidelberg. There he became the apostle of enlightenment, of awakening, of peace; in his own words, "the conspirator against the times." He dreamt of a peace alliance of German youth that would reach across borders and trenches to the youth of the fighting forces. He risked editing pacifistic pamphlets. He organized local groups.

In this way he brought on his own fate. The old German student clubs were incensed. Toller was reported. He fled, but returned and took part in a munition laborers' strike during which he was arrested. The end of the war and the November revolution freed him. Again he hurried to Munich and was drawn into the front ranks in the revolution. But after months of reflection in prison he had come to realize that the masses were not yet ready to rule. He advised strongly against the proclaiming of a republic ruled by a council in Bavaria, but he was not heard. Unable to stop the movement, he attempted to moderate it. He did not believe in the blessings of power even when the power was on the side of the people. He preached against bloodshed; and through his influence countless arrests were prevented, and the last prisoners freed from the basement of the Luitpold Gymnasium, thereby somewhat decreasing the magnitude of the tragedy which took place. But untiringly preaching these deeds of unity, love and humanity could no longer save him from his fate. The Council-Republic fell. A price was set on Toller's head. On June 6, 1919, he was arrested and later court-martialed. The greatest minds in Germany, indeed some of the greatest in all Europe,

Two scenes from the production of "Man and the Masses" ("Masse Mensch") by the Theatre Guild in New York. The settings were designed by Lee Simonson

tried to intercede, but in vain. The verdict was five years' imprisonment in a fortress; five years of life to be exchanged by the apostle of peace for his struggle against power. Because of his part in the revolutionary rule in Munich superficial opinion and bad will tried to count Toller in with the Communist party. The truth of the matter was that he never approached Communism. Every line of his work proves that. He detested the forceful politics of Bolshevism as much as he hated reaction. He did not see the salvation of the proletariat in civil war as did the bolshevists, but rather in brotherly comprehension; not in the battle of classes but in mutual understanding and sensible changes in the mode of living. He preached a revolution of souls, not of machine guns. His creed was similar to that of Gustav

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A Year in the Holy Land

By Max L. Margolis

IV

MOST of the visitors to Palestine who have at all a Jewish interest will immediately seek out the colonies and inquire into the economic side of Jewish life here. Jewish history at all times has had an economic side; only it must not be thought to have made up all of Jewish history. The stressing of economic interests was an offset against the all-absorbing attention bestowed upon the spiritual life, literature and its masters, religion and its upholders. Man liveth not by bread alone; often we have forgotten the qualifying "alone." The economic development of the new Palestine, with its road-building and tree-planting, with its intensive cultivation of the soil, with wholly Jewish townlets like Tel Aviv and similar suburbs about Jerusalem, is instructive to the student, be he an agricultural expert or an economist, and is a thing to be admired and praised by the casual tourist, who takes in all of the settlements in one week, and any one of them in half an hour, and departs with an opinion. All this new life has been written about so frequently that one more portrayal seems to be superfluous. Nevertheless, I am going to give one of my own—but not this time. Just now I want to describe the religious life about me, which formerly was understood to be the only thing to which men gave themselves here, but of late, in the estimation of those at a distance, seemed to be lacking.

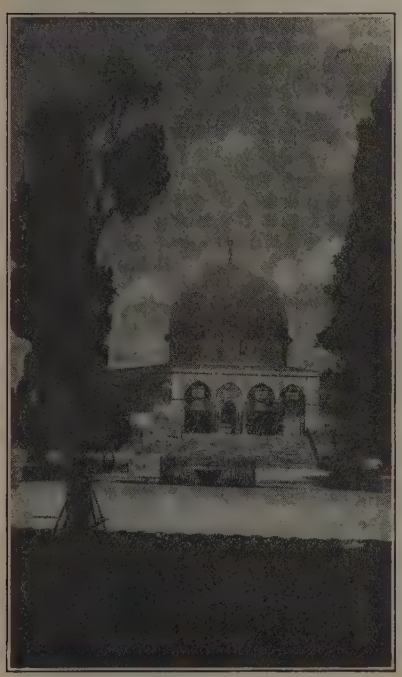
These men may look like American Indians, but the picture came from Jerusalem labeled "Mounted Police of Palestine."

There are some eighty meeting places for worship available to any Jew who brings with him the synagogue-going habit. You see the worshippers on the streets as, clad in their talliths, they go to the synagogues. I have seen these men even on week-days. I have a notion that there is a fringe of intellectuals on the one side and of hard-working *haluzim* on the other who resort to no synagogue whatsoever. Despite the ban issued by Rabbi Kuk, football is being played on the Sabbath; I have been told that some of the fans arrive on bicycles, which, of course, is an unnecessary challenge to the majority. There is in Jerusalem a Sabbath Observance Society—a sort of vigilantes who would stamp out public desecration, and offences committed in private as well. The reader will probably contend that the latter are a matter for the individual conscience; but for the Sabbath—Observance—man individual conscience, implying personal freedom and the notion that religion is a private concern, does not exist. Just before the holidays I came home to find two Jews, one native and the other hailing from abroad, stringing wires in my yard; I asked whether they had received permission from the landlord. The answer was, and it was delivered with a fanatical emphasis: Moses, our teacher, gave us permission. They proceeded to enlighten me that they were putting up an erub. I did not wish to argue with them, but I had a notion that King Solomon, and not Moses, was responsible for the erub institution. Subsequently I learned that a tax of two pounds was levied upon the landlords of this sparse settlement.

THE Ninth of Ab, one would think, should be universally kept here. Of course, the *haluzim* who are busy building up are apt to think that restoration has begun. Why, then, weep over the ancient destructions? Those, who in the westen world promulgated the idea that there was to be no restoration at all, likewise discarded the day. So the extremes meet, reformer abroad and *haluz* here. Of course, the Ninth of Ab is not merely commemorative of the fall of the Temple. It is a day upon which Jewry commemorates the martyrdom of Israel in all ages, the massacres in the Rhenish towns during the First Crusade, the burning of the Talmud in Paris; and does not the Jewish mind tacitly revert to the massacres so fresh in our memories? The day of reconciliation is still far off; for reconciliation implies two parties to the quarrel, and if we are ready to forget and forgive, the other man has a wonderful memory for resuscitating all the horrors of medieval times; he is not at all in a mood for reconciliation. At any rate, the day comes home most acutely here. The restoration is in its merest beginnings. The Western Wall (which Christians call the Wailing Wall) is a sufficient reminder of our ignoble station. Beyond is the glorious Dome of the Rock, erected on the Temple site; a small passage way leads to Arab quarters. Yet there is something impelling that drives the Jew hither on this moonlit night. The old men and women, squatted on the pavement, intone the lamentations. An endless procession of young men and women crowds the narrow steps. There is much levity unbefitting the place and the occasion. There is great doubt as to whether youth is at all abstaining on this very night from food and drink. But towards midnight the old guard arrives. The midnight litanies are begun. The bystanders are hushed, and not an eye remains dry. It is gripping, overwhelming. It is an event

hallowed by centuries, from the time when Roman soldiers guarded the approaches and the Jews had to buy the privilege of weeping for the departed glories. Today a Jewish policeman keeps order, one of the force established by the mandatory power and subject to the supreme command of a Jewish High Commissioner.

The Jews are proud of this high dignitary, who represents the King of



The Dome of the Rock, Jerusalem.

England. Since the days of Nehemiah there has not been a Jewish governor in the land appointed by a foreign power. Sir Herbert Samuel is English to the core; he aims to be just to all elements of the land, Jews, Christians, and Moslems; he is a faithfully religious Jew. On the first day of the New Year he worshipped at the Hurveh, the Ashkenazic synagogue, which occupies the spot selected by Moses ben Nahman in 1267 (its present structure, quite dilapidated, is sixty years old). He arrived early. The entrance was guarded by soldiers; inside, a policeman prevented crowding. A seat had been prepared for him under a canopy of blue and white, facing the ark. To his right sat the Sephardic chief rabbi, to his left the deputy of Rabbi Kuk, at present in America. Further off sat Col. Kisch, head of the Zionist Executive. Imagine the King of England at Westminister, flanked by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, with the Prime Minister near by. His Excellency opened the ark and took out the two scrolls, richly decorated. Subsequently he was called up to the reading of the Law. The congregation rose as he proceeded from and back to his seat. He remained to the end of the services, when he was conducted to the house of the president there to partake of breakfast *(kiddush)*. Before the blowing of the shofar, the chief rabbi preached in Hebrew; the sermon was somewhat official; the rabbi wished the illustrious head of the Palestinian government Godspeed on his way to Geneva, there to give an accounting of his stewardship before the League of Nations.

THERE is great uncertainty as to whether Sir Herbert will continue as High Commissioner when his term ends this year. Some think that he has not been all that he could be to the Jews. Of course, his position is a very difficult one. He cannot possibly show preference to any section of this multifarious population. Things are not made easy for him. But the general feeling of the Jewish community is that Sir Herbert should be persuaded to remain. The feeling was given expression on the first day of Succoth when the High Commissioner and his consort were the guests of the Bukharan community in their beautiful synagogue and *succah*. They were given an ovation by the dense line of people as they passed from synagogue to *succah*. The prayers in the synagogue and the toasts at the repast were to the effect that "on his throne no stranger might sit, nor should aliens inherit his glory." Here again His Excellency sat under a canopy; here again he opened the ark and handed out the silver-clad scrolls; before proceeding to the *succah*, he was clothed in the rich vestments of the Bukharans, gown and cap, and, as he said in his talk, he rejoiced one day in the year to be more gorgeously dressed than his spouse.

Here in Jerusalem we have, as elsewhere, the one-day-a-year Jew. Jews who do not put in an appearance in the synagogue the whole year round join their brethren on the August days. The Hebrew newspapers publish editorials on the significance of the Day of Atonement, a sort of lay sermon of the kind we read in American papers on the occasion of Christmas. The day takes on the aspect of a national as well as a religious festival. In former times the maidens of Jerusalem were wont to dance in the vineyards and select their life partners. A lady, known for her indifference to religion, is very anxious to have the custom renewed, probably in the form of modern dances (tango and the like). My answer was: Yes, if these young men and young women will comply with the other features of the day, fasting and the like. I have not heard of the dance coming off. The Jerusalem synagogues are distinguished by pleasing features. The psalm, which is recited before the blowing of the Shofar seven times elsewhere, is omitted. For once the services on the Day of Atonement are concluded immediately after sunset. There are no second days to the Succoth festival. In general, the Ashkenazic service permits of curtailment according to the circumstances. Not that any prayer is omitted. But the cantor can suppress his singing. Like the

A View of Jerusalem.

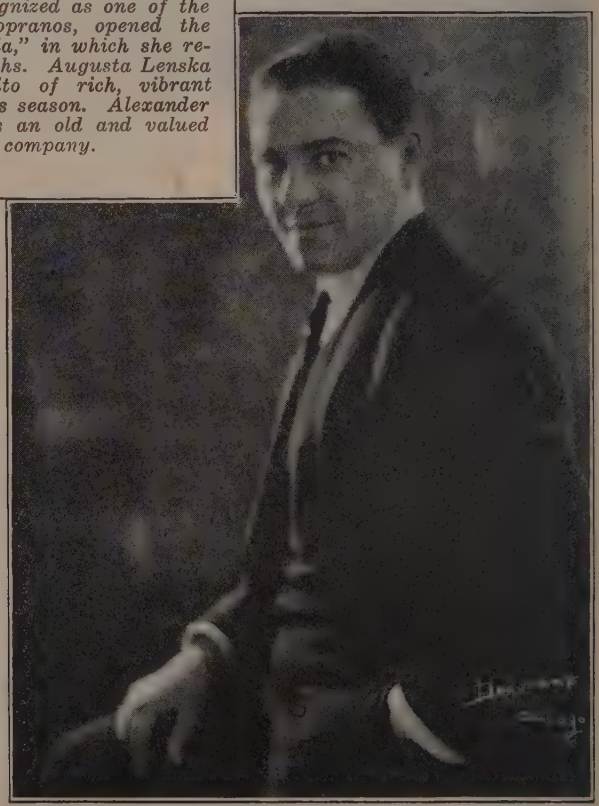
clay in the hands of the potter, so is the song in the hands of the cantor; he may draw it out or contract it at will. Those of my readers who know the old liturgy will appreciate the extra stanza which I thus introduce.

Syllabus

The syllabus, "The Jew in the Modern World," which has been appearing monthly in the *B'nai B'rith Magazine*, has been omitted from this number, but will be continued in subsequent issues.

News in Views:

Four of the Jewish stars in the Chicago Civic Opera Company for 1924-25 are pictured here. Rosa Raisa (above, left) and her husband, Giacomo Rimini (above, right), have been mainstays of the opera for a number of years. Mme. Raisa, who is recognized as one of the greatest of dramatic sopranos, opened the season with "La Giaconda," in which she repeated her former triumphs. Augusta Lenska (below, left), a contralto of rich, vibrant voice, made her debut this season. Alexander Kipnis (below, right), is an old and valued member of the company.



Luminaries in the Opera, the Field of Literature, the American Legion

The beautiful temple of the Tifereth Israel Congregation in Cleveland was dedicated recently. Dr. Abba Hillel Silver is the rabbi.

Samuel E. Aronowitz, who is a member of the B'nai B'rith, was recently elected commander of the American Legion of the State of New York.

Marion Spitzer (below) is the author of a very interesting first novel, "Who Would Be Free." For a number of years she had been engaged in publicity work and short story writing.

The exhibits of Jewish arts and crafts at the British Empire Exposition at Wembly, England, were highly praised. Above is a view of the Bezalel Stall.

Fifth Anniversary of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency

By Arnold D. Margolin

FOUNDED only five years ago, the Jewish Telegraphic Agency has already succeeded in making itself one of the most important and indispensable institutions of the Jewish national life.

Most of the existing nations of the civilized world began to build their states at a time that knew neither railway nor telegraph. And with these nations, telegraphic agencies came as the apotheosis, as the crowning glory, so to speak, of their national edifice. But the Jewish people have been an exception in this as in so many other respects. We have not only no steamship lines, railways, and telegraphs of our own, but not even a territory in which we form anything like a majority of the population. But we have already our own telegraphic agency, thus beginning our national renaissance, our national statehood, from the end, building it, as it were, from the roof downward.

It is, however, unquestionably true that an institution such as the J. T. A. is of paramount importance under the existing conditions of Jewish life. Binding together, as it does, with its all-embracing threads every section of Jewry dispersed over all parts of the globe, it becomes of especially great significance as a promoter of spiritual intercourse, through the dissemination of information concerning all the important events of Jewish life throughout the world.

The J. T. A. maintains its own correspondents in every large center of Jewish life. These correspondents gather all the news concerning Jewish interests and forward them by cable or wireless to the main offices of the J. T. A. in London, New York, Paris, Berlin, Warsaw, and Jerusalem. Thence the news is further distributed to the press.

More than 175 Jewish dailies and weeklies at the present time subscribe to the service of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, including publications in such far-off places as Australia, India, China, Siberia, South Africa, and the Argentine Republic.

THE non-Jewish press likewise has now become accustomed to obtain its information on Jewish problems chiefly through the J. T. A. Both the New York and the London *Times*, the New York *World* and *Evening Post*, the *Manchester Guardian* in England, the *Matin* and *Figaro* in France, and many other European and American periodicals are using the material supplied by the J. T. A. In this way a very serious obstacle to the normal existence of our extra-territorial nation

Jacob Landau, president of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency, who together with Mr. Grossman founded this agency five years ago

in the lands of the diaspora has, to a certain extent, been successfully removed.

It is not at all unlikely that further progress in wireless methods will enable us in a none too distant future not only to obtain information about our brethren beyond the seas by radio, but also to converse with them through the ether, yes, even to see with our own eyes the scenes of their daily life from afar. Such technical progress in the transmission of sound and sight all over the surface of this terrestrial globe may reasonably be expected to lessen more and more the estranging and dividing significance of space and time. And the first step in the direction of such direct communication between the Jews of all countries has undoubtedly been made by the service offered by the J. T. A.

The first to appreciate fully the merits of the J. T. A. were, of course, the Jewish newspapermen and publicists. Previously, one was compelled to read papers of all the countries where Jews dwell, if one wanted to have some conception of the actual conditions of Jewish life throughout the world. It was then inevitable that Jewish news should be localized. To learn the details of the trials and tribulations of the Jews in the former Russian Empire, a person had to read regularly the periodical publications of that country. And as regards information on the progress of Jewish life in South Africa or Australia, for example, it did not even begin to penetrate to other parts of the world, so that we knew practically nothing about the social and economic life, and the customs and manners of our brethren in those corners of the globe.

TODAY we find a radical and fundamental change in this situation. Every morning the Jewish newspaperman, publicist, communal and social worker, and, generally speaking, every man and woman interested in Jewish affairs, may find on his and her desk the bulletins of the J. T. A., which enable them to enter into communication and closer contact with Jews throughout the world. We are now in a position to learn daily of the important events in Jewish life everywhere within twenty-four hours or less. Every morning we may find in these bulletins something to inspire the journalist, the writer, the publicist, with ideas and themes for his articles on the most vital and live topics and problems of the Jewish life. Every morning we may come across subjects that may call for action.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that all the prominent Jewish political leaders and journalists (both Jews and Gentiles) have managed within five years fully to appreciate the value of the work done by the J. T. A. and to establish with it a permanent contact and generous cooperation.

The disasters which have in recent years overwhelmed the Jewish inhabitants of the former Russian Empire

(Continued on page 119)

The Printed Page

Some Books of the Month

"CHALK FACE" is the newest opus to come from the pen of Waldo Frank, a talented contributor to American literature. The new book is heralded by Mr. Horace Liveright, imprimateur of the works of Mr. Frank, as a mystery story, and it will always be a mystery to me how an astute publisher with the judgment of Mr. Horace Liveright, ever happened to publish this volume. Here and there are fine sentences, fine paragraphs, indeed chapters that glow with strong writing. But the volume is incoherent, as confused and mumbling as a drunken victim of confusional mental defect trying to explain Spinoza. Those who are interested in Waldo Frank as a writer will, of course, want to read this book. There can be little other reason for it.

* * *

"Supers and Supermen" by the brilliant Philip Guedalla is published by G. P. Putnam's Sons and the present edition permits him to add, to the sketches previously collected, four new items not previously in any volume: "Some Ambassadors," "Some Rich Men," "P. T. Barnum" and "The Irish Guards." Most consistent readers of the *B'nai B'rith Magazine* know all about Mr. Guedalla but he is so pleasantly quotable that one cannot forbear the opportunity to cite a few sentences:

"The patriotism of the Jew—that pitiable affection which has no loved land to gaze at—is an utterly solemn thing. Perhaps it is so because it is so old that, like a traditional funny story, it has ceased to be funny; or perhaps because by the queer accident of Jewish history it happens to be a sacred as well as a national thing."

"For, in the last resort, if the highest argument for Zionism is to be found in the prophet Isaiah, the case for it on the narrowest grounds is—Kishineff."

"The history of Prussia is the history of its successes but there is perhaps more instruction to be derived from the record of its failures."

"One has a perfect conviction that M. Paderewski never had a notion what Poland was at war for. He left that to an admirably named M. Grabski."

"Sometimes Barnum's career seems to call for the simple brush of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, and sometimes for the stranger touch of Mr. Walter de la Mare. For nearly sixty years the big, genial man humbugged his contemporaries. They always saw an extremely good show; but they never saw all that they thought they saw. Perhaps that is the best that any artist can do for his public."

The specimens quoted should lead intelligent readers to a more complete enjoyment. The essays are not all appetizers. Many of them are good meat and certain of them beautifully dissected roasts.

* * *

"Saint Joan: a Chronicle Play in Six Scenes and an Epilogue" by Bernard Shaw is all that the adoring critics have said of it. As a play it held audience after audience spellbound. The book of the play is worthy the careful reading that one gives to permanent contributions to dramatic and literary art. Unfortunately Mr. Shaw utilizes his usual long preface to repeat all his peculiar beliefs and fanaticisms relative to science and religion. But skip the preface and go directly to the play; you will enjoy even the pain that some of the terrible truths may cause you. The following lines were received with deep and heartfelt approval by New York audiences:

The Chaplain—You have first to catch her, my lord.

The Nobleman—Or buy her. I will offer a king's ransom.

The Chaplain—A king's ransom! For that slut!

The Nobleman—One has to leave a margin. Some of Charle's people will sell her to the Burgundians; the Burgundians will sell her to us; and there will probably be three or four middle men who will expect their little commissions.

The Chaplain—Monstrous. It is all those scoundrels of Jews; they get in every time money changes hands. I would not leave a Jew alive in Christendom if I had my way.

The Nobleman—Why not? The Jews generally give value. They make you pay; but they deliver the goods. In my experience the men who want something for nothing are invariably Christians.

* * *

The most talked about contributor to modern psychology, the subject of innumerable debates by persons who have but a smattering of information and perhaps no real knowledge of what it is all about, a man whose name means to the modern reader a sort of guilty interest in things that were formerly not subjects for parlor conversation? Any person who reads much will know at once that we are concerning ourselves with Professor Dr. Sigmund Freud of Vienna and particularly with his two newest volumes to be offered to an English reading public: "Beyond the Pleasure Principle" and "Group Psychology and the Analysis of the Ego." The first of these volumes is full of confused philosophical argumentation that reads like the attempt of a failing mind to anticipate the oncoming of dissolution. It is the basis of the thesis that the goal of life is death since the creature strives to return to the source from which it emerged. On the other hand the sexual instincts lead to re-creation as the goal of life. Here arises the dual view of one part of the organism tending toward re-creation while the remaining portion tends toward death. The volume is thought provoking but demands deep study and is not to be read by those who are unwilling to give it that kind of attention. The translation is not exceptionally lucid and in itself constitutes a barrier toward easy reading.

The second of the two books by Dr. Freud examines the herd instinct and shows its relationship to being in love, to hypnosis, and, incidentally, to the neurosis. It seems to make a most complicated problem of what ought to be explained in a simple manner.

* * *

Karl Emil Franzos died in 1904. What is perhaps his best known book, "Die Juden von Barnow", is now probably near a twentieth edition. It includes tales of the actual life of the Jews in Poland, many of them no doubt legendary in their conception. There is, for example, the tale of the Jewish boy who is mistreated by the Polish Baron, and who determines as a result to devote his entire life to the acquiring of wealth so that he may wreak a suitable revenge. Ultimately he becomes a millionaire. Then, when the baron has lost all of his estate, the Jewish boy gives him succor but does not permit him to drink intoxicating liquors so that the crime of his youth may always be before him to

cause him bitter remorse. Such elementary plots form the groundwork for most of the stories. They give glorious opportunity, however, for tracing the pitiable conditions of the Polish Jew in the middle half of the twentieth century. A novel, "Judith Trachtenberg," seems to be an expansion of one of the longer stories dealing with the love of a Polish-Jewish girl for a Christian member of the nobility. She leaves her Jewish mate for the Christian but in the end commits suicide and finds a Jewish grave. The books are worthy of notice, first because of their apparent popularity, since they sell in thousands of copies—the novel referred to is beyond twelve thousand—and second because they represent what is perhaps an attempt at literary compensation for the practical defeats of unfortunate lives.

The Jewish Girl

Who Would Be Free, by Marian Spitzer. (Boni and Liveright.)

ON the basis of observation Marian Spitzer should be rated one hundred percent for her novel, "Who Would Be Free;" for accuracy of detail at least ninety-five percent; for artistry she would get considerably less. But although the book is far from great and although it has many obvious faults, it is a decidedly competent piece of realism. Those who know middle-class German Jewry which is here depicted in great detail, and those who know semi-Bohemian circles in New York—and to a lesser degree elsewhere in America—will find the story arresting; while those who know both milieux are apt to find it fascinating, although its charm is something like that of, say, a list of subscribers to the local charities, old stuff but interesting, partly because of the familiarity of the dramatis personnae and partly because of the curiosity it arouses in the reader.

Miss Spitzer's protagonist is a young girl of a German-Jewish family who wants to be free, free of the ties of the family, free to be herself and, as she puts it, "to belong to herself." Her rebellion against what she finds the limitations of the traditional "beautiful Jewish home-life," against the school and "temple crowd" with which she has grown up, against the demands of her mother that she live conventionally, is convincing and brings out vividly the very correct—too correct, too photographic to be artistic—background.

After she achieves her so-called freedom the book splits into two parts (as is apt to be the case in first novels which, being generally autobiographical, portray the hero's youth with skill and go to pieces as he approaches the author's present age and own actual state of philosophical uncertainty), because what seemed in the beginning to be the struggle of a somewhat typical Jewish girl against a very common environment turns out to be a study of a highly individualistic young woman who would have rebelled against any environment that she found in the least confining. One wonders if the author was altogether clear in her own mind as to her intention: was her theme the disadvantages of Jewish solidarity, or was it the study of a woman who wanted so desperately to be free that, as one reader said, she eventually became a slave to her freedom? If the latter, it is misleading to particularize so greatly about the environment, making it appear that Eleanor revolted because it was a Jewish environment; if the former, the story should have ended when she freed herself from her early ties.

Apart from this confusion which mars the novel on the structural side there is much to recommend "Who Would Be Free": skillful characterization, some originality, and that indefinable quality which in an individual we call personality and in a novel we designate clumsily as that attribute which attracts and holds one's attention from beginning to end.

A Hebrew Life of Jesus

By Max Heller

Jesus the Nazarean, His Time, His Life and His Teachings, by Dr. Joseph Klausner.

ONE cannot readily imagine anything more novel in its field than an elaborate Life of Jesus (466 pages) printed in Tel Aviv, published in Jerusalem, written in fluent Hebrew, whose avowed object it is to deal with the founder of Christianity in a scientific spirit of objective research, supported by a thorough exploitation of all available sources.

The publication, strange to say, is a fruit of Russian war-contracts, as it bears the name of Stybel to whose liberal enterprise modern Hebrew literature is so largely indebted. Dr. Joseph Klausner, author of "Yeshu Hanotzri" (Jesus the Nazarean, His Time, His Life and His Teachings) who presents this volume as his life-work, holds eminent standing in the Hebrew literary world as the armor-bearer of the famous Achad Haam, the essayist-philosopher of the Hebrew rebirth, and as editor of Hashiloach, the foremost of Hebrew periodicals.

Dr. Klausner has published, for the last twenty years or more, investigations bearing upon the period of Jesus such as its Messianic ideas, the Pharisees, written in Hebrew, German and Italian. The book is probably unique in the literature on the subject for its comprehensive mastery, equally of the Jewish and the non-Jewish literature bearing on Jesus and his time; in fact, among its most interesting and instructive chapters are those which deal with the sources of information, especially the two which present a history of New Testament criticism down to our very day.

Dr. Klausner covers particularly well that modern Jewish work in these fields which Christian scholars are so apt to pass over in silence. Of American Jewish scholars he mentions Doctors Schechter and Friedlander, Kohler and Hirsch, Revel and Enelow; he sneers at the "Jewish View of Jesus" of the last named as "a bit of Unitarianism," presenting a "liberalized" Jesus. He seems not to have heard of Dr. I. M. Wise's "Origin of Christianity" (1868) and "Martyrdom of Jesus" (1874) nor of Mr. Weinstock's "Jesus the Jew" (1902). Among non-Jewish American authors he deals unjustly with Dr. William Benjamin Smith whom he classifies as an "English scholar" and to whose striking arguments for the non-historicity of Jesus he fails to give due weight; he seems unaware of the extent to which Drews leans on Smith. Among German Jewish works on Jesus he appears to be unacquainted with "Geschichte des Rabbi Jeschua ben Jossef Hanootzri," 4 volumes (Altona, 1853); he also ignores Maier Zipser's pamphlet (1852) on the "Sermon on the Mount."

Why should a work of this sort, really the first systematic, scentific account of Jesus by a Jew, be written in Hebrew? Its only predecessor in the modern Hebrew is a missionary concoction, disavowing its patent object, by Paul Levertoff, the ordinary type of apostate. Dr. Klausner explains in his preface that he wished to give "in Hebrew to Hebrews" a book that would be free from the tendentious exaggerations of apologists, Christian or Jewish, and which would "fill a gap in Jewish history."

The question he sets himself to answer, the puzzle he proposes to solve, is this: How did it come that out of Israel there sprang a man, a full-blooded Jew, who, to the day of his

death, remained attached to his faith and its observances, who originated a religion professed by 500,000,000 people, and yet was rejected, through all these centuries, by his own?

To arrive at the explanation of this paradox he proceeds, systematically, to examine, first, the literary sources: Jewish, Greco-Roman and Christian; with careful objectiveness he points out what has historical value, what is to be rejected, as invented or tainted, by partisanship, or is otherwise untrustworthy. He then presents from the sources the life of the period in which Jesus lived, its political, economic and spiritual aspects. Of the eight "books" into which the volume is divided this is, possibly, the most fascinating one in the vividness of its portrayal and the animation of its style. Rarely has any author presented with such intense sympathy and painted in such living colors the endless succession of tragedies, of intolerable wrongs and monstrous crimes that marked the age of Herod and of the Roman procurators who succeeded him. Here is the real key of Klausner's explanation; he paints for us an age of extremes, of despair driven to the last verge, of a people whose religious loyalty is capable of the most incredible sacrifices, whose souls, lashed by the tempests of helpless indignation, are flung to the opposite poles of Essene asceticism, on the one hand, and of the Zealot's war to the knife on the other.

To Klausner, Jesus is very real, a product largely of his age. That the name receives so little mention in the contemporary literature is not to be wondered at when we remember that neither Judah Maccabee nor Josephus nor Philo are known to Talmud or Midrash. He sees him in Gallilee, that most turbulent part of a country seething with unrest; he makes the reader smile as he depicts, with all the enthusiasm of a devoted Christian, what St. Jerome calls "The Flower of Gallilee," Nazareth, the birthplace of Jesus. Perhaps Klausner goes a little too far in the importance he attaches to environment; at least he forgets the warlike zealot when he tells us (p. 245) that, while the mountains of Judah, the surroundings of Jerusalem, brought forth the warring prophet, the hills of Gallilee and environs of Nazareth could only mould the world-reforming dreamer.

Yet he proves to the hilt his, by no means novel, proposition, that the "Kingdom of God," as conceived by Jesus, with all the other-worldliness and extremism of the ethics to which it gave rise, could obtain a following only in a generation as distracted with political unrest, economic chaos and spiritual hysteria as was that of Jesus.

It would lead too far afield were we to follow, point for point, the numerous arguments and explanations incidental to the unfoldment of the author's thesis. He depicts the life of Jesus, step by step, with an unfeigned yet not undiscriminating admiration, his sufferings and disillusions with warm sympathy. The progressive drama of Jesus's development, as he is gradually forced into the role of the Messiah, as he is rushed, unresistingly, towards the inevitable end, is stirringly and feelingly unfolded so as to hold the unfaltering interest of the reader. Incidentally, Klausner's defense of the Jewish people against the responsibility for the brutal and inhuman methods of the Roman is unanswerably cogent and thorough; he points out every evidence of malicious partisan distortion which seeks to burden the Jew, to his last generation, with the harrowing atrocities, some real, others fictitious, with which the moving tale abounds.

Perhaps the most instructive part of the book is that which deals with the teachings of Jesus; it is these, which, being partly Jewish, partly un-Jewish, must explain why it was that the Jews had to reject this noble teacher, even though he was flesh of their flesh and bone of their bone. Again, there is no element of novelty about Klausner's explanation; but just as he himself finds no originality in the thought of Jesus, except in his selection and emphasis, as also in the masterly handling of parable, simile and pithy phrase, even so it is Klausner's marshalling of the facts, the completeness and, on the whole, the fairness of the explanation which give cogency to his pleas.

To sum up his position in brief, he finds that Judaism could not accept Jesus, first, because Judaism is more than a faith; it is a mode of living; it is a religion for a people, not merely for the individual; it refuses to draw a hair-sharp line between what is God's and what is Caesar's; it encompasses all of life. The radicalism of Jesus' ethics which temperamentally had something of the uncompromisingness of the prophet, made it a rule "not for this world," a lofty goal for the individual, but too visionary and unreal to be embodied in law and practice; in its ultimate working-out demoralizing, owing to the lack of touch with reality.

The accepted, far-seeing leaders of Jesus's generation had one purpose (p. 410): "to save the small nation, guardian of the great ideals, from sinking in the mighty ocean of heathen culture, that it might, slowly and gradually, grow to actualize the prophetic teaching in political life, in this world, in a Jewish land and a Jewish nation." Thus Judaism, having given birth to Christianity in its earliest form, "disowned her daughter when she saw her trying to embrace her mother with the kiss of death." To the rash pseudo-liberals who go so far as to bewail our "error of 1900 years ago" one might commend Klausner's sturdy final judgment (p. 425): "Two thousand years of a heathen Christianity have proved that the Jewish people did not err."

Let it not be supposed, however, that this conclusion is reached out of any bias against the founder of Christianity or even against the New Testament. The book abounds with praise of New Testament thought and style; such distinctions as it carefully draws between Jewish and non-Jewish trends in Jesus are entirely free from Jewish prepossessions, until even the occasional "Jewish chauvinism" of Jesus is pointed out. To the writer it would rather seem that Dr. Klausner has almost managed to join the class of Jewish thinkers and scholars, beginning as early as Spinoza and counting in their ranks such men as Moritz Friedlander, Felix Adler, Claude G. Montefiore, Constantin Brunner, Luigi Luzzatti (La Liberta di Coscienza e di Scienza) who, in the endeavor to be scrupulously fair to Jesus, have accorded him tributes to which he was not entitled. To call Jesus (p. 448) "*the* master of ethics" whose "ethical teaching has an elevation, a uniqueness and originality of form which has no equal in any other Hebrew ethical teaching" is to go too far; it is well to remember, on the other hand, that "he cannot be considered a prophet in his people's eyes; for he lacks every political conception and has no comfort to give to his people in the political-national sense." Yet, as to his ethics the book ends on a hopeful note: "should a day come when this ethical teaching could divest itself from its hulls of mystic faith and wondertale, then might the 'Sittenbuch' of Jesus become one of the fairest gems in Israel's literature of all the ages."

The author, of course, does not say "Sittenbuch;" but he has the German word in his mind. The flaws in his diction are exceedingly rare; yet they are,

invariably, Germanisms, such as the un-Hebrew idiom "full from it" (p. 343) or "he knows to relate," together with an occasional subservience to German syntax (pp. 52, 64, 180) which relentlessly banishes an essential word to the very end of the sentence.

A curious slip is the reference (p. 419) of Ecclesiasticus: "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" to the Talmud, just as Buechmann's "Gefluegelte Worte" claims for the New Testament the honor of being its source. The book is singularly free from misprints; even in the many Greek quotations the misplaced accents are strikingly rare; Palestine, evidently, has the resources to put forth a scholarly publication in a creditable manner.

"Yeshu Hanotzri" is not an epoch-making volume, such as were Strauss's and Renan's Lives of Jesus or the much controverted works of Feuerbach and Bruno Bauer. On the other hand, it is not a cumbersome treatise, by a scholar for the use of scholars, such as Montefiore's "Synoptic Gospels;" it is an eminently readable volume, addressed, in the first line, to the cultured layman, flowing along with the warm animation of an enthusiastic student, maintaining an unabating interest from cover to cover. It is a doubly creditable performance when one contrasts its honest endeavor for objectivity and fairness over against the unfair partialities and sinister silences of Christian scholars; with few exceptions the latter justify Klausner's bitter charge at the end of the appendix (p. 466) to the effect that the best of them tend to apply to all of Judaism whatever antagonism Jesus had felt against the inconsistent among the Pharisees; "thus there is left to them from Christianity nothing, except the hatred against Judaism."

A book of this sort should be translated into the western languages; it holds needed and palatable instruction for Jew and for non-Jew.

Magazine Digest

Views on Jesus' Biographers

TWO interesting points in an article entitled "Jesus and His Biographers" by Alphonse B. Miller in the *American Mercury* for November are an estimate of Papini and the presentation of arguments—well known to Jews but seldom found in the secular press—showing the responsibility of the Romans for the crucifixion.

Of Papini's "Life of Christ," Mr. Miller writes that "this biography is an uninspired sermon by a bigoted country pastor, with no talents save for invective and verbosity. The whole quality of the book, indeed, may be judged from a phrase in the introduction, where Papini unctuously remarks, 'He who accepts the four gospels must accept them wholly, entire, syllable by syllable, or else reject them from the first to the last and say "We know nothing.'" It is of course evident that only a stupid dogmatist would venture on such a statement, for not only does it demand a belief in details that affect the Christian doctrine not at all and which time has proven false—such, for example, as the predictions regarding the end of the world,—as well as a defense of the contradictions which occur in the account of the same event between one gospel and another; it is also so absurd on its face that the author of it is forced to deny it himself, as when he says, speaking of the death of Judas, 'He had no peace and hastened to kill himself. He died the same night as his victim. Luke sets down another way the evil end of Judas, but the Christian tradition prefers the story of his remorse and suicide.' In other words, what is the gospel among friends . . . .?

"Further along in the book, speaking of the rabble which followed Jesus to His trial, Papini endeavors to prove that there were no Roman soldiers among them and certainly not a captain, as John says,—'an officer over a thousand men.' This question of the part that the Romans played in the crucifixion is most important . . . Yet Papini, for all his insistence upon complete faith, does not hesitate himself to take issue with the gospels in order to feed his un-Christly hatred of Israelites!"

Farther on the writer says: "It would be intensely interesting to investigate what may be called the mechanics of His career—in other words, the secrets of his unparalleled success as a politician. It is evident that a genius for practical organization must have gone with His otherworldliness to make possible the advance of a poor boy, born of humble parents, in the ancient equivalent of a long cabin, to a position where the Romans rewarded a traitor for information which justified them in crucifying Him. These Romans were a hard-headed, practical people, who permitted a hundred diverse creeds to exist unmolested under their far-flung rule, but they grew vigilant and ruthless the minute their political control was endangered. So long as a subject people paid its taxes and remained peaceful the Romans ignored its plans for a happy future life. It is evident, then, that the crucifixion was a tribute to Christ's ability, not as a theologian, but as a political leader. Of all the diverse prophets that existed in the Roman commonwealth of that day, He alone was honored with Rome's active hostility.

"This, of course, is directly contradictory to the accepted opinion, to wit, that the Romans were reluctant to crucify Him and did so only at the irresistible urging of the Pharisees, but anyone who is familiar with the ordinary characteristics of Roman rule must know that had Pontius Pilate not been afraid of the growing power of Christ and had he not feared that eventually His teachings would lead to open insurrection, he would have listened blandly to the plea of Caiaphas and settled the question with a suave gesture.

"There are several significant details, even in the gospel account of the Last Day, that seem to point that way. In the first place, Christ was not put to death by stoning, the Mosaic penalty for the crime of which the Pharisees accused Him, but by crucifixion, a manner of punishment purely Roman and used by them for political offenses. Moreover, above the cross was placed the inscription 'King of the Jews'—a legend most offensive to the very people Pilate is said to have been trying to placate by Jesus' execution. Why should Pilate have reluctantly ordered the death of Jesus solely to satisfy the priestly class and then have destroyed its entire effect by a simultaneous gesture of ironical disdain? If, however, we presuppose a political motive, everything becomes clear, and the crucifixion becomes simply a warning to other rebels,—a device common to conquerors at all times and everywhere."

Anatole France

"THERE exists a legend in literary circles that Anatole France was a Jew, though nothing in his biography justifies this assumption," writes Joseph Brainin in an article entitled "Anatole France," in a recent issue of the *Jewish Tribune*. "The genealogy of the Thibault family (Thibault was France's real name), shows no trace of Semitic origin. It is France's features and his entire physical personality that undoubtedly are the only sources of this legend.

"This calm, white-bearded gentleman with the strong nose, a benevolent, indulgent smile and a skull cap adorning his white head, had much of the typical Jewish 'chacham' in him. Sitting at his writing table with a goose-quill in his hand (he never became converted to the typewriter), surrounded by books and objects of art, he could easily have been mistaken for a Grand Rabbi or a Talmudic scholar...

"I could never understand how anyone who knows his works would mistake him for a Jew. He was as much Latin in his literary personality as Max Nordau was Jewish. Even when France doned his fighter's mantle he remained the sceptical, ironical man of letters; he never became a revolutionary, for he could not destroy. As he clung to literary traditions so he believed in the slow evolution of humanity; an evolution that would lead back to the starting-point. In the last five years of his life, however, there were some indications of a new Anatole France, stripped of his eternal smile, a grim old man who raised his voice whenever he felt liberty in danger...

"During the Dreyfuss affair, he took a serious and courageous stand. It was not in him to thunder with a gigantic voice like Zola: but many were the articles he wrote, the speeches he delivered in which he tried to prove logically how stupid were the accusations against Dreyfuss. Many were the errands he undertook, to see officials and journalists, and to convince them in a tete-a-tete conversation. He tried to smile the whole thing away, and to bring home to the fanatic Jew haters of France that they were soiling the best of French traditions by persecuting a defenseless minority. To him it meant saving France from the disgusting clutches of fanaticism; and he acted not so much as a friend of the Jews, but as a humanitarian and defender of justice and personal liberty.

"At the time of the Kishineff pogroms he wrote a proclamation calling all the intellectuals of France to protest against the barbaric acts of the Russian people and government. I have no copy of this proclamation on hand, but I remember the beautiful, heartfelt sentiments he expressed. There emanated from this protest a sense of shame for his contemporaries. He felt humiliated that France had kept silent, that the financial loans made to Russia by the French government had suppressed her sense of justice. And Anatole France felt compelled to speak, unsolicited, knowing full well that official France would not be pleased and that some of his colleagues of the French Academy would shrug their shoulders and point him out as an anti-patriot.

"Again, after the World War, he was the first to sign an appeal of the most prominent intellectuals of France to the League of Nations, protesting against anti-Jewish excesses, especially in Roumania and Poland. But at that time it was no wonder; for the war had given birth to a new Anatole France, who had shaken off his Olympian philosophic calm, and become the spiritual leader of the group 'Charte.' He wrote them: 'We consider it our duty to organize faith in the future, to cultivate reason, to lead public opinion in the direction of the great truth, and thereby multiply the spirit of revolution, so that one day a new power will oppose the power that is established...'

"To the Jews, who were among the first in Europe to recognize his genius (it was the French Jew Calman Levy who was his first and only publisher), his death is not only a literary loss. Anatole France understood us, knew our good qualities and defects. (An interesting study could be made of the Jewish characters in his novels, a study which would reveal Anatole France as an impartial connoisseur of Jewish racial characteristics.) We looked on him as the real leader and true guardian of liberal France. Whenever Leon Daudet, or Drummond, or the Tharaud brothers raised their poisonous voices in narrow-minded litanies against us, we only smiled. It was of no importance. They did not represent the opinion of the French nation. Real France spoke through Anatole France.

"France and the world mourn the greatest Frenchman of our time. We weep not only for Anatole France, the litterateur, but for the man who never hesitated to denounce racial prejudice, and who fought anti-Semitism—not for our sake, but for the glory of the best traditions of mankind."

Ernst Toller

(A Distinguished Young Dramatist—Continued from Page 105)

Landauer, a brother in spirit, and like Toller, a Jew, an apostle and a poet, who not only suffered confinement but also the most frightful death at the hands of the reactionary soldiery. Yet it is ridiculous to assign such figures to any party. Their feelings and their will-power outgrow all party issues; they touch the heights of humanity.

* * * * * *

THE works of the poet are considerable, especially in view of his youth and of the time and strength of which the war and his imprisonment robbed him. Four of his dramas have been successfully produced. A fifth, a comedy, is in an entirely different style and should not be considered as it may indicate just a breathing space for an overtired spirit. Between the great plays are two chorus works, "The Day of the Proletariat" and "Requiem for a Murdered Brother;" a book of sonnets, "Prisoners' Poems"; and the "Book of Swallows;" the former tells of the redemption of those who are physically as well as socially fettered, the latter of the life of a pair of swallows that made a home in a corner of Toller's prison cell.

His first drama, "Die Wandlung," written in turn in prison, in the barracks and again in prison, is his greatest work ethically as well as artistically. With unexcelled courage he sketched ten pictures showing the path of humanity from the inspiration of war to revolution. The characters are the soldier, his mother, sister, sweetheart and friends, a large number of symbolical figures taken from the writer's war experiences, the officers, the doctor, the nurse, the minister, the comrades, the wounded, the crippled, the dead. The skeletons are dramatically no less alive than the creatures of flesh and blood. The scenes behind the barbed wire and

in the hospital, and the dance of death in the trenches rank with the greatest poetry. Honor is the foundation but not the final note. The end of "Wandlung" is uplifting, showing faith and a will to do. Life triumphs over death, light over darkness, tomorrow over yesterday.

The second drama, "Masse Mensch," has been produced in New York. In it Toller turns to the social problem. The revolutionary happenings in Munich are poetically mirrored. Here the suffering, the pathfinding, the erring, the wild storming, the catastrophic breakdown and inner erection of the proletariat mass find symbolic form. "Down with power" is the note that is sounded instead of the former "Down with war." The young poet-apostle preaches, "No man may kill another for a principle," and "There is no holy power."

"Maschinenstürmer" is similar in theme. Again the proletariat mass is handled as a person and becomes the hero of the drama. But this is not shown in a hazy, blustering, surging stream but in a concrete manner using a double form: first a historical background (the history of the destruction of machinery in England at the beginning of the nineteenth century) and secondly a family scene. The blind desires and senseless furies of the despairing creature of the masses are shown in contrast to the wise, ripened soul with a wish for the true freedom of humanity. The solution of the bitter battle between technical science and humanity is not the destruction of machinery but its subjection to the higher intellect. False and real revolution is the theme of this third literary work.

TOLLER'S last play is artistically the ripest. This, again, has to do with the main problems of life and the question: How can man rid himself of suffering caused by no fault of his own but by the war mass-psychology and by the compulsion of the ruling state and governing conventions, and how can he ever reach a higher form of life and real deliverance? But this time the problem is created by an individual fate rather than by a mass. "Hinkemann" is the name of the hero and of the play which grips and moves one. It is the story of a war cripple with no hope of ever regaining his health, and of his healthy, unhappy wife who loves him and cannot bear life with him or without him. But social scenes of symbolic vision are not lacking in "Hinkemann." And the portrayal of the poor, lonely man gives an impression of unity not attained in any of Toller's other works. The earlier dramas of this author were considered prototypes of expressionistic art, but "Hinkemann" makes one forget the existence of expressionism; one simply feels that here is *art*.

As a poet, Toller is not without faults. His emotion (truly Jewish) is so great that he is given to some exaggeration and the expression of prophetic ecstasy is at times marred by a flat phrase. In "Hinkemann" he destroys the purity of the individual experience by introducing generalizations and abstractions. His characters do not always speak naturally; but the force of his convictions, the holiness of his purpose, the power of his writing take one past noticing small faults. If Toller continues to develop in the direction of "Hinkemann" there is no doubt that the poet will rival the apostle.

Toller's ethical desires are fundamentally Jewish as were those of Walter Rathenau and Gustav Landauer. He works for the reign of peace, the triumph of spirit over power, the equalization of rich and poor and the redemption of humanity. Though he writes in German, his poetry and his ideas are Jewish. The biblical trumpet notes of his words seem to sound the destruction of the walls of Jericho, the end of war and of power.

"Aus Stahl und Eisen schaffen wir Pflüge!
Einschmelzen wir Kugel, Granate und Schwert!
Zertrümmert die goldne, die mordende Lüge!
Und all nähret der wirkende Herd!"*

That is our Isaiah who lives in him though Toller does not know it and his work is not dedicated to the people of his blood.

As far as Toller was concerned, the war did not become the golden bridge between the Jew in him and "the others." Even at the price of his blood the stranger was not recognized as a child of his country. So, like the character in "Wandlung," he sought a higher fatherland and found the land of Humanity, the country of the Future. In both of these countries he has certainly earned the rights of citizenship.

*Literally:
Out of steel and iron we create plows!
We melt the cannon, grenade and sword!
Destroy the golden, the murderous lie!
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Progress

(Continued from Page 93)

bers that the doors of practically every country are closed to them, one is thankful that there is at last one asylum where a portion of the hounded and persecuted race may find refuge, and begin life anew—a life of work and freedom; where they can be Jews in the fullest sense of the term. We can only hope with the Zionists, that development will be sufficiently rapid to admit an even greater number of harassed and ambitious Jews into what promises to be to them a homeland, and that within a few years, a real Jewish center, in the finest connotation of this term will grow up.

Anti-Semitism

THE feeling and activity against the Jews grow apace both in America, where they take the form of social discrimination, and in Europe, where they assume more violent forms. Just a few notes culled from various sources so that the future chronicler may write his history impartially: A Jewish deputy, Fabian, avenged an insult given by another deputy, Ulain, of the Hungarian Parliament, a leader in the Awakening Magyars, and consul for defense of anti-Semitic bomb throwers, who were acquitted, by challenging his opponent to a duel and wounding him twice in the actual combat. In the coming elections in Germany the battle-cry of the Deutsch-Nationale Partie, with the largest representation in the Parliament is, "Freedom from the Jews and the French." In Vienna the Hackenkreuzler marched in parade through the streets, until stopped by the police, threatening to attack the Jews unless Adolph Hitler, leader of the Bavarian anti-Semites, who has been refused admission into his native Austria, be granted leave to enter the country. Even the Einstein theory is not free from attack, inspired by the personal bias of him who seeks to discredit it.

The choicest bit of all, however, reflecting the psychology and morality of the Jew-baiter is the report from Vienna that the anti-Semites demanded

the expulsion of the American boy screen-star, Jackie Coogan, on the plea that he is a Jew named Jacob Cohen. The senate of the German University of Prague, has issued instructions that only those of German nationality are eligible to the Academic Council elected by the students. The Minister of Education has promised action, giving assurance that the Jewish rights guaranteed by the Czecho-Slovakian constitution, which recognizes equality of all national groups, will be safeguarded. In Bucharest the court acquitted a number of students who during the trial confessed that they had attacked Jews, and who regretted the premature discovery of their plot to assassinate a number of prominent Jewish citizens. To offset all of this, we learn that the new edition of the great authoritative Oxford Dictionary, will remove all objectionable matter from its definitions of the word Jew.

"You Gentiles"

(The First Yiddish Book Written in English—Continued from Page 98)

sigeance. Well-meaning men like Samuel do this very thing: by their unrestrained rage, by their unreasoning excess, by their lusty unenlightened singing of the hymn of hate, they destroy that which they set out to save: namely, Jewish individuality.

Individuality is the personal receptacle into which the riches of the world's life are to flow and there receive the stamp of our own soul. It is not a small private flask in which to treasure up petty personal humors. It includes the world, it does not exclude the world; and how a really fine individuality places itself willingly under the world's touch and influence yet remains supremely itself: that is the tale of every great life. Would to God that my people proved itself worthy of such a heroic attitude toward the general life: mingling with, yet keeping aloof from the world! It can never assume this attitude if it either basely surrenders to or sulkily and in high dudgeon turns away from the world.

Away back, possibly in the year 1910 or 1911, I wrote: "I imagine the social relation between Jew and Gentile to be that of two neighbors each standing on his own plot with a fence between them. They may talk to one another across the fence; they may shake hands, smoke a pipe and what not, but the fence will always be there." Sir John Foster Fraser, quoting this passage of mine in his "Conquering Jew," published in 1915, triumphantly remarks: "But . . . the fence is being broken down." I still believe in that low fence. It symbolises to me not only the values of individuality but also the possibility of neighborliness, of neighborly respect and neighborly harmony: the pipe smoked across the fence may be a peace-pipe. And I believe that the world is better off by keeping that fence and preserving the respective values of the individuality of each neighbor as he stands on his own plot, careful not to invade the sanctities of the personality of the other. But, lo and behold, here comes young Samuel and builds up my neighborly low fence into a high wall, forbidding in aspect, over which very naughty and very ill-mannered striplings on both sides are to shout: "You Gentiles and we Jews."

V

I HAVE been trying not only to analyse the ideas contained in this book but also to grasp its underlying psychology. And, with this in view, I have had to betake myself to the theory of Professor Wolfson of Harvard who suggests that, judging from the present situation in the Jewish camp, there is in process of formation not one homogeneous Jewish people but in reality two peoples: a Jewish nation and a Yiddish nation. He very sharply distinguishes between the Jew and the Yid as being sufficiently apart for each to be regarded as a member of a different ethnic group.

Assuming that this is so, then Jew and Yid, Wolfson's own terms, stand not merely for linguistic differences but even more so for divergences in principle and more particularly still in psychology. Yiddish is of course not merely a language (if it is that), it is a psychology; the psychology, one must add, not of the whole Jewish people, but of the Ghetto-Jew. That psychology is inward-bent, morbid, warped. It is the result of historic causes for which we are not to blame, but which it ought to be our honest effort speedily to eradicate. Nevertheless, there is a group of romanticists among us the aim of which seems to be the perpetuation of the Ghetto psychology and which, not really understanding the meaning of Jewish individuality, confounds the latter with the Ghetto type.

In all justice to Samuel I must say that his book to me presents the apotheosis of the Yid and not of the Jew, of the Ghetto type and not of the noble Hebrew aristocrat. I doubt if he has the right to speak in the name of Jews; let him not speak in my name in any case: but I do not question his right to speak in the name of Yids. However, it is not in the interest of either the world or of the Jewish people that the Ghetto type be preserved—the inward-bent, morbid, warped type that would be an exile not alone in New York or Chicago but in Palestine as well, while it may find a temporary footing in Tel-Aviv. Oh, yes, I want the Jew to be introverted; I do not want him to be constantly looking out of the corner of his eye at his neighbors; but I do not want him to be turned within in the morbid sense of the man who cannot adjust himself to the fine rich life of the world. Maurice Samuel may, if he pleases, speak in the name of the Ghetto, but not in the name of the free-souled Jew. The real antithesis he has in mind is not as between "you Gentiles and we Jews," but as between —the word must get itself said—"you Goyim and we Yids."

A pretty good illustration of the fact that the underlying psychology of the book is the unhealthy "ghetto-psychology" may be found in some precious bits of topsy-turvy reasoning contained therein, reminiscent of talmudical Pilpul in the Yeshivah. Only a simple instance shall be related here, where the author says, in an irrelevant aside, that the criminal's best friend is the policeman who maintains the moral order of society on which the miscreant can prey. I tested this bit on a youngster of mine who said: Dad, what about the policeman who arrests the criminal? Similar specious argumentation, with the peculiar Ghetto-kink in it, may be found scattered throughout the book.

And just one more personal reference. I know Mr. Samuel to be not in any respect descended from Ghetto antecedents. So much so that in pondering the peculiar psychological problem presented by his book (and which alone is the excuse for striking this personal note), I have come to a queer conclusion. I have made a dis-

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covery. It seems to me there is a new type of assimilation showing its head in modern Jewry. It is the assimilation of the Western Jew, brought up under Western auspices, to the Ghetto-life and the Ghetto-outlook. Mr. Samuel is that kind of assimilationist; to use once again Professor Wolfson's terminology, he is a Jew who has allowed himself to be assimilated by the Yids.

That is what I meant by saying at the very outset that to my knowledge his is the first Yiddish book composed in the English language . . . . An unhealthy, an unreal paradox . . . .

VI

AND now that I have done my best, or my worst, in reviewing this amazingly brilliant and amazingly unsound book, there remains but one short query I should like to put, one which I consider sufficiently important to have a special and the closing section of this article.

My query is this: Do not Mr. Samuel and his like—all those who would foster race exclusiveness as distinguished from noble race individuality (the two being not at all identical)—think it is high time that we stopped speaking of "you Gentiles" and "we Jews?" Do they not think that they ought at last to soften their high-pitched voices and use the gentler phrase: you and we—we all—children of the One Father in Heaven?

Methinks, there was once a Jewish prophet, Malachi by name, who spoke in just this sweeter strain ages and ages ago.

Silberman

(*Continued from Page 103*)

Mot qui te porte, ô monde, et sur lequel
tu vogues!
Nom mis en question dans les sourds
dialogues
Du spectre avec le rêve, ô nuit, et des
douleurs
Avec l'homme. . . .

At the start the invocation had fixed everyone's attention on Silbermann. Then, as the clear rich tones of his voice rose, giving every word its force, every thought its importance, the whole class began to exchange uneasy glances. Before this apocalyptic vision, this light illuminating a chaos, each one thought of his dreams, his doubts, his perplexities, and tried to reassure himself by looking at his neighbor's face. But soon, as if they felt compelled to range themselves against this audacious iconoclast who had risen up among them, an indignant muttering made itself heard. But Silbermann's voice rang clear above the tumult, and, scarcely pausing, he flung forth with a resounding note:

"'Dieu! conception folle ou sublime mystère'."

There was an uproar. The master intervened, bade Silbermann sit down, and as soon as silence was restored said to him acidly, "I suppose you wanted to show your companions how far you are lacking in tact, Silbermann."

But what did Silbermann care!

I looked at him and I could see how much he was triumphing inwardly, in spite of his apparent calm. He cast glances towards the Saint-Xavier group, and his nostrils dilated with pride.

The class had sat down again. Montclar furtively passed along a note containing directions for reprisals against Silbermann. The latter guessed this, and as soon as the drum sounded he ran to the door and fled across the yard.

But others had been quicker than he and were waiting for him. As he was running at full tilt, he was tripped and thrown. I saw him on the ground, writhing in every limb. His features were twisted with anguish; his mouth was wide open, but no cry escaped from it, for the violent shock had driven the breath out of his body. I ran over and picked him up, and led him to the infirmary, which was at the other end of the *lycée*. He let me do so without speaking a word, and I helped him slowly along. At one moment he began to pant, and stopped. His color, which was ordinarily brown, was fearfully livid, and his eyes were vague. His lips were trembling, or muttering, I know not what prayer, and blood ran from a little cut in his forehead.

At this sight the thought flashed across my mind: "If he were to die!" My imagination was quick to conjure up tragic scenes, and I at once pictured the whole drama, even the events that would follow. I already saw myself going up to his executioners, the Xaverians, next day, and saying in overwhelming accents, "Well, I hope

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SADDLE RIDING

JOEL HILLMAN, President

Silbermann

(Continued from Page 118)

you're satisfied—you've killed him."

At this moment Silbermann dispersed these dreams with a reassuring word, and we went on. A little further on, when we were in front of the *lycée* chapel, he had to stop again. Here there was a square with clumps of lilac, and a seat. Silbermann sat down, leaning back against the wall of the chapel underneath a stained-glass window depicting a group of angels. His two hands supported his bent head, and his shadow on the ground gave an attenuated and distorted version of his attitude.

Emotion had so upset my mind that I began to weave a strange mythical story about him. Again I imagined that he was going to die, and I thought that it must be God who was striking him down as a punishment for his blasphemies.

"He's going to die here," I said to myself, "on the threshold of this chapel."

I was greatly troubled, and asked myself whether the selection by Providence of this chapel as the place of punishment was not a sign to me to forswear. . . .

The Sister who received us into the infirmary brought us into a kind of kitchen crowded with pious objects. She was a little old woman with tremulous, wrinkled features. Silbermann seemed to me to be embarrassed at the idea of speaking to her, so I took up the tale and told her how cruelly he had been thrown.

"Mercy on us!" she said, clasping her hands. "He must lie down for a little while. The doctor will be coming this way in a minute, and while we're waiting for him I'll give him a nice hot drink."

Silbermann was recovering little by little from the shock. His pupils had regained their life and movement, and I thought I saw them light like little black demons on the Sister's white cap and on the religious statues.

The Sister went into another room, and after a moment Silbermann got up and insisted on my getting up too.

"I feel quite all right; it's not worth while staying. Let's go."

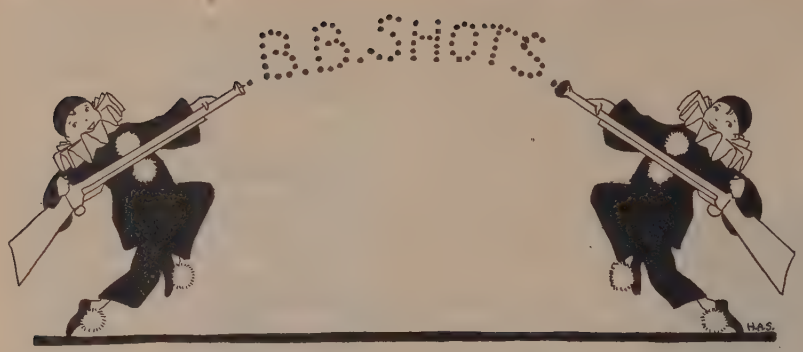
I advised him to stay until the Sister came back, but he refused and dragged me outside.

(To Be Continued)

Jewish Telegraphic Agency

(Continued from page 110)

the barring of much Jewish immigration to the United States; the prospects and the practical work for the economic revival of Palestine,—all these things have naturally intensified the gravitation among the Jews towards each other, north and south, east and west, in all the longitudes and latitudes of the earth. Jerusalem and New York, Johannesburg and Buenos Aires, Rio de Janeiro and Mexico City, Berlin, Paris, Vienna, as well as Warsaw, Kief, Kishinef and London,—they all are now daily attracting Jewish attention. The Jews have already managed to leave far behind the oppressive walls of their artificial ghettos, and the notorious "Pale of Settlement" belongs to the sad past. The vast firmament itself is now become the common roof under whose shade the Jews of the world may communicate and have intercourse with one another, freely and unhindered. It is in providing the technical possibility of such intercourse that the great merit of the Jewish Telegraphic Agency consists.



DID YOU HAPPEN TO KNOW

—That it is easy to convince a man who thinks everything you tell him is a fact.

—That daylight saving merely makes some people tired an hour sooner.

—That some peoples' idea of keeping up in modern literature is to follow the daily crime news.

—That a dog never questions a friend's motive.

—That horn-rimmed goggles are the modern substitute for an intelligent appearance.

—B—B—

RACIAL EQUALITY

A Southern mountaineer had come down to the crossroads grocery store to do some shopping. The grocer, an inveterate gossip and the natural news disseminator of the neighborhood, was asking for news.

"Nothin' happened up ouah way lately," the customer replied.

"No weddin's nor funerals?"

"No."

"No sick folks or new babies?"

"Nothin's happened."

"No news at all I reckin," the grocer persisted.

"Nothin' to mention, 'cept you all know Ez Clark."

"Reckon I do. He's kin to my wife's folks. What Ez gone an' done?"

"Oh, nuthin'—only las' week he shot a niggar that weighed over three hundred pounds."—*Judge.*

—B—B—

A Bad Jamphor Him

Said the moth, as he sniffed at the camphor,
I'm sorry I'm here where I amphor
Some things that I eat
Taste pleasant and sweet
But camphor I don't give a damphor.

—*Bucknell Belle Hop.*

—B—B—

REPARTEE

"You're no lady," said the party of the first part.

"Ah," said the party of the second part, "if it wasn't that I was a lady, perhaps I'd be able to tell you what kind of a lady you ain't."

—B—B—

A MATTER OF PRIDE

Twelve-year-old Rosie rushed into the doctor's office carrying a struggling and screaming two-year-old boy.

"Quick, doctor," she said, "Izzy swallowed some ammonia and my mother wants to know will it do him anything."

The doctor carefully inspected Izzy's mouth and tongue which were a little red but apparently not badly damaged. Then he thought he would find out something about the strength of the mixture that Izzy had been trying.

"What kind of ammonia did he swallow?" asked the doctor.

And Rosie, delighted to show the family affluence, and puffed up with pride, announced in her grandest manner:

"Oh, doctor, it was the very best kind."

—B—B—

"Darling, that encyclopedia you bought is no good at all."

"Why, whatever's wrong with it?"

"This morning I wanted to find out why swallows migrate in the winter."

"And you couldn't find it? Where did you look for it?"

"I looked under 'why,' and I couldn't even find the word there at all."

—*Chicago Journal.*

—B—B—

BACH UP TO DATE

The following anecdote is interesting because it reveals the origin of one of our present day slang expressions. Sebastien Bach, well-known violinist and composer, was requested one day to play at the home of a sick friend. As the patient's disease was contagious, the great musician was forced to perform in an adjoining room, but scarcely had he struck the first note when a small cat, the property of his friend, began to wail so loudly and lugubriously that Bach was compelled to discontinue. The cat, however, carried on for about half an hour, at the end of which the friend (he was rather deaf), mistaking the notes of the feline for those of the violin, cried out enthusiastically: "Exquisite! I have never heard you play so beautifully, my dear Sebastien!"

The famous composer, quick to realize the joke upon himself, whimsically threw his violin out of the window into a convenient ash-can and replied in his inimitably droll manner: "I'll admit, it was the cat's meow."

—*Yale Record.*

—B—B—

Minneapolis and St. Paul are still at it. Something must be done about those two towns. This one comes from St. Paul.

A Minneapolis man drifted into the sister city, looked superciliously at a fruiter's display, picked up a big watermelon and asked with a sneer:

"Is this the largest apple you have in St. Paul?"

"Hey!" bellowed the proprietor, "Put that grape down!"

—*Oregon Orange Owl.*

—B—B—

This reminds us of:

Young Bragger—My Grandfather built the Rocky Mountains.

Unsympathetic Listener—Aw, that's nothing. Do you know the Dead Sea? Well, my grandfather killed it.

—*Yale Record.*

—B—B—

ANOTHER SESSION

"Well, Lapidus, what is it now?" asked the President.

"It seems to me I got the right to be called Mr. Lapidus, the same like everybody else," said Lapidus.

"I apologize, Mr. Lapidus. What was the reason for your addressing the chair?"

"I didn't address the chair; I addressed you, Mr. President," said Lapidus. "A chair is only a piece of wood. Of course, some of our officers in this lodge ——"

"You are out of order, Mr. Lapidus."

"That is an old saying, Mr. President. Everytime I have a statement to make I am out of order!"

"But your business, Mr. Lapidus? Your business?"

"My business is cloaks and suits, like you know very well, Mr. President, and if you say my business is out of order, you are saying something."

"Mr. President."

"I recognize Mr. Rosenthal."

"Mr. President, I would suggest that Mr. Lapidus be made a committee of one to explain his business to Mr. Bradstreet."

(Fifteen voices) "Second the motion."

"It is unanimous," said the President.

—B—B—

B'NAI B'RITH MAGAZINE SUPPLEMENT

DECEMBER, 1924

The B'nai B'rith Hillel Foundation at the University of Wisconsin

By Rabbi Solomon Landman, Director

THE Hillel Foundation, conducted under the auspices of the I. O. B. B., established the second center of its activities at the University of Wisconsin (the first was instituted at the University of Illinois) at the beginning of the current school year, September, 1924. Rabbi Sol. Landman, formerly of Easton, Pa., was called by the Commission during the past summer, and accepted in August —when he removed to Madison to begin the work.

The reputation of the Hillel Foundation, which had done a noble piece of work during 1923-24 under Rabbi Benjamin Frankel at the University of Illinois, had already spread to Madison. In fact, Rabbi Frankel had addressed the Jewish Students' Association at the University of Wisconsin early in the spring of 1924; and the students, already made acquainted with the work of the Foundation, were expecting Hillel at Madison.

But the arrival of the Foundation was not greeted with happy acclaim by the entire body of Jewish students. Some, of course, were anxious for it to come to the University of Wisconsin: these were the far-sighted students who realized the need for such an organization. Others, however, greeted the Foundation with indifference, if not skepticism. They had their special interests on the campus, whether Zionist activity in the "Palestine Builders," or Menorah with its traditions, or the Junior Hadassah; some feared that the Foundation meant to foist Reform Judaism upon those who were, and preferred to remain, Orthodox Jews; some had other notions. Then the Foundation met with direct opposition in a different quarter: on the part of those with so-called "assimilationist tendencies," in whose minds the value of the Jew in the university was determined by the degree of his participation in campus activities, and who felt that the Foundation would tend to segregate the Jewish student and tend toward drawing him away from participation in the campus life.

A meeting was called of two representatives of each of the Jewish organizations on the campus: the Menorah Society, the Palestine Builders, the Jewish Students' Association, the Junior Hadassah, the fraternities and the one sorority. The aims and purposes of the Hillel Foundation were set forth by the director, and a plea on its behalf was made by Professor Selig Perlman, of the Department of Economics. A general discussion followed, and, in accordance with a motion made and unanimously carried by the students present, a committee composed of one representative of each organization was appointed to meet and select committees and perfect an organization.

This was done within the week. And the Hillel Foundation at the University of Wisconsin, under its government, the Student Council, is functioning in order to achieve its purpose.

That purpose, primarily "to provide a channel for the Jewish Student to express himself Jewishly," is ultimately to train up a generation of intelligent leaders of American—yes, world,—Jewish life.

How Hillel Works at Wisconsin

THERE are five main committees of the Foundation, each duly officered and organized to perform its functions. The chairman and vice-chairman of each committee, ten people in all, form the Student Council, which is the governing body, or executive committee. Here the work of all the committees is co-ordinated, future plans laid and mutual co-operation effected between the several committees.

The Religious Committee provides the religious services for the students. Orthodox services are conducted every Friday evening for those students who prefer to worship in the traditional manner. The chief service of the week is held on Sunday night. The Religious Committee, working together with the Educational Committee, will provide an Open Forum one Sunday night each month, to which will be invited, as speakers, men of proved ability and scholarship. The Religious Committee is also responsible for the organization of a choir, to provide music to enhance the religious services.

The Educational Committee, in addition to providing the monthly Open Forum, has also provided for discussion groups and study classes. There is one discussion group in Jewish Current Events, under the leadership of Mr. L. C. Zucker, of the English Faculty of the University; and a second group in Jewish Literature, under the leadership of Dr. H. C. Berkowitz, of the Romance Languages Faculty. Two study classes are conducted by Rabbi Landman: one in "Philosophy of Religion," the other in "Early Hebrew History." These classes will be followed respectively by "Jewish Ethics" and "Growth of the Bible" in the second semester. The Educational Committee hopes also to inaugurate a Debating Group and a Dramatic Group later in the year.

THE Social Committee arranges the social affairs for the entertainment and pleasure of the students. So far this year, the committee has conducted three affairs that have proved highly successful. The first was a "mixer" on the night of Fathers' Day. The second was a dance. An informal reception was held after religious services the first Sunday in November, to introduce the completely equipped quarters of the Foundation to the Jewish students. Throughout the year, the Social Committee plans affairs of various kinds, such as men's smokers; women's teas; dances; hikes; sleighing parties; a vaudeville performance; perhaps an evening of dramatics. The Social Committee hopes to bring the Jewish students into closer social contact one with the other, and to permit the Jewish student to understand his fellow-Jew better socially, just as the

Religious Committee hopes to instill a finer appreciation of religious services, and the Education Committee, a better understanding of things Jewish along intellectual and cultural lines.

The Social Welfare Committee represents an effort on the part of the Jewish students to look after their interests in a spirit of helpful co-operation: to secure employment for those students who are working their way through the university; to locate, and place students in desirable boarding and rooming houses; to co-operate in this, and other directions, with the Dean of Men and the Dean of Women of the university. In addition to this work, the Social Welfare Committee has assumed responsibility along other lines. It looks after the physical equipment of the quarters of the Foundation. It seeks, through a sub-committee on Hospitality, to attract the Jewish students to the Foundation, and to make them at home in it. The Social Welfare Committee will also provide religious school teachers for the local religious school, from the personnel of the Jewish students at the university.

The Publicity Committee takes care of the work implied in its name. It is responsible for the sending out of all notices of the various committees. It inserts news items and announcements in the *Daily Cardinal*, the student newspaper of the university, and on the official university bulletin boards. It will send articles concerning the Foundation at the University of Wisconsin to the Jewish press. At present, it is working out a booklet describing the work of the Foundation at Madison.

The Quarters

THE quarters of the Hillel Foundation are situated in the heart of the student section, above the University Co-operative Store, at 506 State Street. The location is an ideal one for the students; most conveniently situated for social affairs and religious and educational activity and for a "bumming place."

There is a bright auditorium which can comfortably seat 250 persons. There is a comfortable lounge and reading room; a retiring room for women, beautifully equipped in blue and white wicker furniture; a writing-and-smoking room for men; class rooms and committee rooms; and one which will be equipped as a library and study room. There is a kitchen which is adequate to take care of all culinary preparations for any student social affair; and the director's office—to lend the official air.

The Effect of Hillel

IT is too early as yet to say what will be the results of the work of the Hillel Foundation. After all, it has been in Madison only two months or so and has been functioning only about half that time. But already some things are worthy of note:

First of all, the weekly religious services are attended by an ever increasing number of students. In the social affairs so far conducted, no social cleavage has been evidenced: the students come merely as students, and—glory be!—they are noting already that perhaps that awful bugaboo of the Jewish student's college life is absent, namely the highly imaginative line of demarkation between the "fraternity man" and the "barb!" Educationally, the Jewish student is given the opportunity to acquaint himself with Judaism in several of its ramifications—yes, urged to do so.

All of this is significant, *particularly when we consider that the Hillel Foundation is conducted solely for the students BY the students.* It means, simply, that it is an encouraging augury for the future of Judaism in America when our Jewish students devote themselves, while in college, to creating a love for and appreciation of the Jewish religion, Jewish culture and education, Jewish social solidarity.

Doctor Salomon Ehrmann

By Alexander Hecht

Vienna Correspondent of the B'nai B'rith Magazine

DECEMBER 19 of this year will be a happy day for all members of District No. 12, for it is the seventieth birthday of a beloved and honored brother, the grand president. It is a milestone not only in his life but also in the history of the District, and is an appropriate time for reminiscences of a life rich alike in toil and care and in success, honor and love.

Salomon Ehrmann was born in 1854 in Ostroves, a small Bohemian village in the county of Pisek, where his father was a small merchant. In spite of the modest circumstances of the family, much attention was paid to the education of the children as was the case in all Bohemian Jewish homes. A tutor was kept at the house to teach Hebrew and all the regulation public school work. In order to pursue his studies farther, however, weak little Salomon left his parents' home at the age of eleven. His father sent him to the nearby county capital, Pisek, where he attended the gymnasium. He worked hard and attempted, in the beautiful words of Homer, "always to be the best and to forge ahead of the others." He had to thank his great zeal for the fulfillment of this wish. Because of his natural, modest manner and his talent, his teachers all became his friends. He possessed that flair which is rather rare among Jews, a pronounced talent for drawing, and therefore enjoyed the especial affection of his drawing teacher, a man who was also highly honored by his countrymen as a poet. This poetic pedagogue interested the young student in world literature and in culture to such an extent that he decided to devote himself to the study of the history of art. But he was not granted the fulfillment of his dear wish, the dream of his youth: to make use of his great inspiration by doing work for a museum of art.

He did devote his first year at the university to the history of art and allied subjects, but he soon saw the hopelessness of this course. For how could it have been otherwise? He was a Jew! What institute in Austria would have accepted him? Necessity demanded that he give up this course and turn to the study of science and medicine. But even here his talent for drawing stood him in good stead. Since he had too much pride to remain a burden on his father, who labored hard to support his family, he decided to support himself while completing his studies. He succeeded in doing this by giving drawing lessons to less talented students and also tutoring boys in the gymnasium.

His drawing ability as well as his research work with the microscope aroused the attention of his teacher, the famous professor, Dr. Brücke, who after Salomon had spent a short time in the student laboratory, took him into the laboratory for advanced students

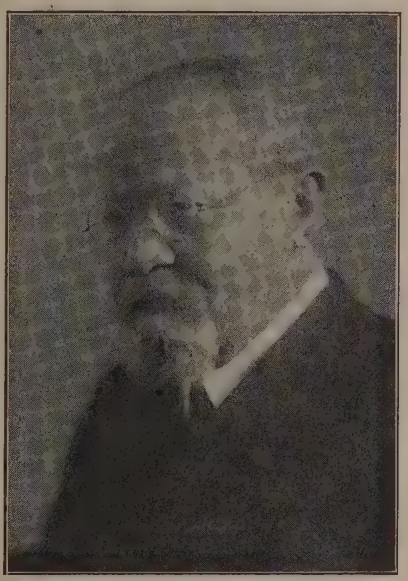
under his personal supervision, and allowed him to make the demonstrations.

THE first step to success. The young doctor remained in this position until 1884, and during this time worked out several scientific problems which made his name well known in Viennese medical circles. It was there that he became the intimate friend of his colleague, our illustrious brother, Professor Sigmund Freud, who today is numbered among the great scientists in Austria. After Ehrmann found that he could not obtain the professorship of physiology which had seemed to be in sight, because he lacked that most important document, a certificate of baptism, without which one can obtain nothing in Austria, the young scholar finally turned to dermatology. In that field he was not only very successful but also was able to lead the way for many others. As early as the year 1888, he became affiliated with the University of Vienna in the capacity of instructor of dermatology and syphilis, and at the same time took the position of dermatologist for the county and for the district "Arbeitkrankenkasse." Here he found a wide field for his activities: in both institutions he dealt with an unusually large number of patients. His zeal knew no bounds. In connection with his work he established a private research laboratory in which he had under his direction a large number of foreign students, many of whom later became famous. During this period also he produced those scientific works which have been translated into many languages and distributed throughout the world, works that are still highly valued by Ehrmann's colleagues.

In the year 1900 he received the title of University Professor Extraordinary and finally, eight years later, the title and rank of regular professor at the university. At the same time he was made the director of the Department of Dermatology in the "Allgemeinen Krankenhaus," the biggest hospital in Vienna. With his entrance into the Allgemeinen Krankenhaus his duties as teacher, which he had never neglected, took on greater proportions than ever. Many foreign doctors, among them some from America, who came to Vienna to study, became his pupils. Of these those who were members of our Order received special attention.

IN 1912 he published his diagnostic atlas of sex and skin diseases illustrated by watercolors, which he had been working on from the time of his interneship. Less extensive, but no less important works by him have appeared from time to time in medical journals. Again and again he has delivered valuable lectures before medical congresses. And at all times has been ready to serve the public welfare by giving popular talks on social hygiene and has done important work as general secretary of the Society for the Prevention of Social Diseases.

It is not surprising, therefore, that his services were demanded in the terrible World War. During the long



Dr. Ehrmann, President of District Grand Lodge No. 12

years of this most horrible of all wars he exerted all his strength in successfully running one of the greatest hospitals. Here he treated everybody with equal kindness; friend and foe, Jew and Christian, all were equally close to his heart. These patriotic works also gained him recognition. The Austrian Government awarded him the honored badge, the Red Cross, first class, and later decorated him with the order of the Iron Cross, third class, which previously elevated a man to noble rank; when he was pensioned he received the highest honor that can be given a university professor, the title of Hofrat. The high esteem that Prof. Ehrmann enjoys in the world of international science is shown concretely by his election to prominent scientific institutes.

The Jews of Vienna, proud of their co-religionist, honored him by electing him as their representative. All the important Jewish societies of Vienna, such as the Alliance, the Eastern Union, etc., count him as their most honored leader and gladly follow his advice.

No one will doubt that this man is one of the most important members of our Order. Two years after the establishment of our oldest lodge, Wein, in 1895, he was elected president. In the following year he was elected a member of the general committee and from that time until today, a quarter of a century later, has devoted his invaluable spiritual strength to it. When District No. 10 began to publish a paper for its members, he was assigned the hard task of editor, a position which he has filled so brilliantly that the high spiritual tone of the paper has been recognized by all. In 1911 the seat of the Grand Lodge was moved from Prague to Vienna, and it goes without saying that Prof. Ehrmann was elected grand president. His election was unanimous; it found a sympathetic echo in the hearts of all brothers. None in the District was more worthy of this great honor. Responsible work was ahead. Great and justifiable hopes were placed in his leadership; he brought all his talent to the fulfilling of these expectations. His rich, far-reaching knowledge, his great capacity for work and sense of duty, his good judgment, his oratory, his pleasing manner and his conviction that the B'nai B'rith had a high mission, all stood him in good stead. The hearts of the brothers were with him; he knew how to hold them. Since he was a Ben B'rith, heart and soul, a noble character worshipped by all circles, he gained respect for the Order from Vienna and all Austria.

HE was much grieved by the division of District 10 as arranged on Grand Lodge Day at Karlsbad in the fall of 1919 on account of the political upheaval. It was a memorable day for all participants, this sad meeting when everyone was moved by the eloquence of the honored grand president as he bade farewell to his office.

So Vienna suddenly was orphaned; it was a torso left without a head; that city which had the two most important lodges of the former great District, composed of about 600 brothers including the best of Austrian Jewry. Brother Seelenfreund was present at this memorable meeting and with his keen insight grasped the unusual situation. He immediately placed Vienna under the jurisdiction

of the Executive Committee and in the name of the president of the Order appointed a provisional Grand Lodge Committee for Austria under the leadership of Brother Ehrmann.

The latter energetically began to found a new District. Two new lodges were soon established in Vienna, and shortly thereafter another new one was installed in Linz, which honored him by taking his name. In the short space of three years plans were completed for the creation of Austria's own District. Its petition to the Executive Committee was granted and Austria was declared District 12, and naturally Professor Ehrmann was placed at the head. October 26, 1922, the day on which Grand Lodge No. 12 was installed, was a notable occasion for the brother Grand President and a day of joy for all other brothers.

The presence of many brothers of the old District 10 proved magnificently that though political borders separate us outwardly, inwardly the old tie of true brother-love has remained unchanged. All are united in honoring our brother Grand President. And how could it be otherwise!

In spite of all his honors Brother Ehrmann has remained unchanged. He is a simple, honest, democratic man of the people, a scientist, teacher and leader, a loving adviser of his numerous pupils, a generous physician, philanthropist, a loyal Jew, a most sacrificing friend and true brother to all brothers.

He and his wife have had a very happy life together and he is a loving father to his daughter, son-in-law and grandchild. December 19 will be a holiday for him, but for us, the brothers of District, it will be a welcome opportunity for anouncing to all the brothers of the Order Salomon Ehrmann's unforgettable services.

Our deep-felt thanks for all that he has done for the Order in Austria during the past thirty years unite all brothers in the prayer: May the Allmighty preserve the power to do and the love of doing that distinguish this seventy-year-old, to his own joy and that of his family, the lodge brothers, and our beloved B'nai B'rith.

I Am An American

By Sidney G. Kusworm

I AM an American. These four words spoken with a knowledge of what they mean spell security to every citizen; they mean life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; they mean taxation with representation; they mean equality; they mean the separation of church and state; they mean the home is the castle; they mean free education for the children; they spell opportunity without reservation; they are an insurance policy against pogrom and massacre, a policy which has no cash surrender value because its value cannot be measured in dollars and cents; they mean religious tolerance and they spell the sanctity of the home. Who knows what these words mean? Obviously, the citizenry of this country. To be sure those who have been born and raised here, are conversant with these facts, but how about the man and the woman, the girl and the boy, who speak a strange mother-tongue, who cannot understand our vocabulary, who are eager to know what this country stands for?

In order to gain anything worth while in this world, one must be inspired—one must have an ideal—one must have a goal. Without that inspiration — without that ideal — and without that goal we flounder around and walk blindly along getting no place and going nowhere. You cannot inspire a piece of stone, wood, flesh, iron or glass. You must inspire through the heart; that heart cannot be touched unless the brain is made to understand. In the final analysis the heart is fed through the brain. We are thrilled when our mind and heart act in unison on a given thought or subject.

WASHINGTON'S wonderful fight for right during the Revolution — Washington's sufferings together with his men at Valley Forge during the terrible winter of 1776 and 1777 —Washington's inspiration that there can be no taxation without representation—Washington's splendid fairness and superlative patriotism is a story that has thrilled American hearts for many, many years. That story is the basis of the early history of this country and after that story comes the tale of Lincoln's brilliant and successful fight to preserve the Union. The axioms "United we stand —divided we fall," "A house divided against itself must fall," "We are a government of the people, for the people and by the people," will live on memory's pages throughout the ages. Can anyone who hears these stories fail to be thrilled with the ideals of democracy? We are committing a wrong if we do not convey these ideals to our new brethren. If they are imbued with the spirit of Washington and Lincoln, if they are told that out of and from the sufferings of the people in those days there has arisen a great and glorious government, it will not only make better citizens of the immigrants, but will cause them to live better, cleaner and purer lives. All of this redounds not only to the weal of our country, but it is also a splendid thing for us.

IF our neighbors are law-abiding citizens, we are happier. The spirit of discontent and hatred is lost in the sunshine of happy environment. We of the B'nai B'rith, with the aid and co-operation of the United States Department of Labor, Bureau of Naturalization, have embarked upon the voyage of teaching Americanism. We have dedicated ourselves to a definite program which we hope will result in every American Jew becoming an American citizen, not only a citizen who is able to answer the usual questions propounded by the Naturalization Examiner, but who is thrilled by the opportunities he is given, unhampered and untrammeled, in this land, to support his family and himself, to worship as he pleases and to be safe from bodily harm. We say with all sincerity and fervor, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Why not also say, "Educate thy neighbor as thyself?" In Americanism the fountain of youth sends forth a golden stream called knowledge. Without knowledge we would be in a terrible predicament. It is the dissemination of the knowledge of what we are and why we are that will bring about a better understanding. We forget

that those who come here are craving for knowledge. We forget how we would feel if we were transported into a foreign land without the ability to speak one word of the language and without a knowledge of the form of government and the laws. We forget to put ourselves in the other fellow's shoes, and we sit contented. Such contentment spells selfishness—such contentment breeds crime. Leave a mind tainted with despotism alone in this country and what will the result be? Purge that same mind of despotic ideas and put in its stead American ideals and you have changed the entire contour.

Out of Americanization work there not only comes the desire to become an American citizen, but there also comes the desire to be law-abiding, to be honest, truthful, straightforward—"To thine own self be true, and as sure as night follows the day, thou canst not then be false to any man." This work teaches the immigrant to be true to himself and the results of this labor are reflected on the entire citizenry of this country. We can only prosper in this undertaking—we can only attain a superlative degree of success, when the entire membership of our Order is awakened to the true realization of the magnitude of our work and the immeasurable good to be gained from the scope thereof.

A Message

By Louis Fabricant, President Grand Lodge No. 1

THERE seems to be abroad an impression that the holder of the presidency of a district is generally equipped with various abilities, among them that of being an author and an orator, as well as general director and supervisor of the affairs of a district. It is apparent that this impression has resulted in the request which has come to the writer that he prepare an article for publication in the supplement of the *B'nai B'rith Magazine*. The writer does not, however, make any pretense to ability in the preparation of articles for presentation to the attention of members of the B'nai B'rith. He has been content to be a toiler in the ranks, saying only what has been learned by some years of contact with B'nai B'rith and Jewish affairs at large. It would be presumptuous on his part to feel that anything new will be discovered in these few paragraphs, but if there be anything old of value therein he will be satisfied with having had the request made of him to write something.

As this is being written the Jewish people are passing through the season of their rejoicing. With cleansed spirits, the sense of attuning to greater motifs than ordinarily prevade their lives, they have now come to the days when all Israel recalls the direction to gather together for the purpose of thanking God for the harvest and for the Torah. If all Israel remembers, however, it is not equally true that all Israel responds to the call. We have been separated from things of this kind so long that few have left the imagination required to celebrate days of harvest while they live in crowded cities. Nor do as many as should recognize the validity of that law for which the pious Jew at this season rejoices, and for the divine disclosure of which he lets his spirit rhapsodize.

We of the large cities, in our mad efforts to assimilate American manners, customs and ideals, should stop even if it be for a moment, to realize the significance of this festival period of rejoicing, and to stand with admiration before the quality of spirit that can lift itself from common surroundings and transmute the dull dross of daily existence into the finest spiritual gold. Is it not a matter of concern to us that with all our grasping after the finer things in life we have overlooked the immense values that lie in the period of festivity prevailing among our people during this season? The writer cannot truthfully say that he has done more than distantly to glimpse those values, but even in this distant approach there has been a revelation of what lies hidden for the one who is willing to dig energetically.

THE Jew of the past was not given to the vain use of words. When he was in sorrow, the depths of human emotion were sounded, but when devoting himself to joy his religious fervor lifted his spirit beyond the power of any other joy in life. We see the potency of the practice in our services of the holiday season today, but for some reason we have been laggards in the effort to understand and join in. Were we not so entirely self-sufficient we would not cast away the values that have been carefully stored up for us, and grasp for new and untried "isms."

This period of the year, however, has some significance even to the commonplace American Jew. There is something more than mere coincidence in the fact that the fall of the year both in our country and in Jewish practice is the period of renascence. A new feeling of revived energy is visible in business, in fraternal life, in social activity, in art, music, etc. In more than one sense the fall of the year is a *rosh hashono*. The clear skies and ambrosial atmosphere laden with the fragrance of autumn, the crisp breeze, and the fast moving clouds all speak of renewed vigor. To be sure, it is not the renascence of the spring, but without doubt the approach of the fall and winter carries with it the message of concentrated effort and new ambition.

That this is true is emphasized by reading, for instance, the notices that are sent out by secretaries of B'nai B'rith lodges in September and October. Hardly one but has in it the ring of enthusiasm for the approach of the new season of activity. The spirit of man is aroused, shakes itself, and is ready for another burst of splendid effort. If this be not true with any of us, it is because our spirits have become overgrown with mossy encumbrances and are borne down by cares and concerns that have no deserving value.

It is with this in mind that I write about District No. 1, wherein the general quality of our membership and of the Jew at large requires frequent emphasis of the things which really count. We know, of course, that absorbing interest in business has its importance and that the fruits of honest labor are a matter of concern. But as man lives not by bread alone, we should try to discover what wine it is that makes life more complete. To the daily bread of life must be added some spiritual food, some activity that deals with the other side of man. Our interests can be so developed that it can be said by each of us that we have not just existed by mere bread alone. But

of the thousands of members in the B'nai B'rith how many are seriously appraising their own efforts and weighing values with the right measure? The call to think of these things is unavoidably a call to service in the B'nai B'rith, because there is here emphasized that in life which rounds out and enlarges the vision. An organization that gives one a sense of real solidarity and fellowship with the Jew of a foreign land, different in manner, habit and thought from himself, cannot help at the same time creating the same sense of unity with all humanity. A union of Jewish men that helps close at hand and far abroad, without regard to anything except the human need, is one that needs many toilers. But it may be truly said that the toilers also need such an organization, for striving alone the sense of wearied helplessness is overwhelming. If you desire food for your own spiritual enlargement, the satisfaction of many cravings that have found no satisfactory outlet, you should not overlook the chance afforded by B'nai B'rith. Let me say, of course, that we do not monopolize the field, but share with others only a small corner of the vast realm that a benign Providence has laid before humankind for its development. But for the Jew, working as he must among his own, no greater opportunity for service exists. Despite all that may be said for the value of concrete work done in a small way in your own community, it can in no way detract from the value of work in the larger domain of fraternal fellowship represented for us Jews by the B'nai B'rith.

AT one of the recent meetings of the B'nai B'rith in New York City there was present David Yellin, president of District No. 14. A scholar and publicist, conducting courses at Columbia University in Arabic and Hebrew literature, he pointed out that our Order is the only international Jewish fraternity which retains in its name the original Hebrew, which reminds us of the whole purpose of our existence as a people. The birth or covenant of which we claim to be loyal sons also contemplated the service of our people to humanity as a whole, for it was promised by the covenant that all the nations would be blessed through the Seed of Abraham. We cannot, therefore, be mindful of our duty as B'nai B'rith without recognizing that this duty carries us beyond consideration merely of our own people, to an inclusive feeling of fellowship with all humanity. The Order has from time to time demonstrated that it has not forgotten this need for exhibiting its fraternal spirit beyond its own members, and even beyond the members of the Jewish community. To make each of us feel this and practise it as part of his daily conduct is a large task, and I account this purpose as one of the chief functions of our whole organization—that it can take the dissociated Jew, living either in a crowded community or a small town practically alone, and make him, little by little, fully conscious of a definite purpose in his life in relation to his fellow Jew and fellow man. I am not unmindful of the many practical undertakings of the B'nai B'rith; these are perhaps easier to point to as an evidence of accomplishment justifying the existence of such an order. Nevertheless, the important function which I have pointed to has always made its appeal to me with greater force than the purpose, expressed by some, that the Order should duplicate the charitable works of so many other societies. These undoubtedly have their place in the general scheme, but are only an outward expression of the inward spiritual activities of the individual, and it is to the giving of direction for these activities that the B'nai B'rith can best turn itself.

The populous district of New York and its environs contains today the largest Jewish population gathered in one place in the world. It is significant that B'nai B'rith was conceived and started in New York, but yet its influence is most noticeable elsewhere. If there is any message that I could pen to the members of our Order in New York, it is that they should make every effort to express in themselves the purposes of the Order in their daily contacts, and to constantly make known the existence of the Order to those upon whom their good conduct makes impressions. It would be good for both Jew and Gentile to know that right dealing and lofty spiritual attitude, which they observe in us, is to some degree attributable to the precepts taught in the B'nai B'rith lodge. And if to this be added a goodly list of actual benefactions performed in the name of the Order, it cannot but tend to the enlargement and perpetuation of the Order and its purposes.

The B'nai B'rith and Jews in Mexico

By Anita Brenner

(Reprinted from the Jewish Daily Bulletin)

NATIONALIZATION is the keyword of the policy put into practice by the B'nai B'rith House in Mexico, where are received all the Jewish immigrants. During the past few weeks the influx of newcomers has swelled perceptibly, increasing from an average of fifty on a boat to even a hundred and over.

This is accounted for to a great extent by the publicity given the invitation of President-elect Calles, to the stranded Jews, for colonization in Mexico; while the fact that 80 per cent of the immigrants were not stranded in European and Asiatic ports but come directly from their home countries, points to the conclusion that the thing that brings them is the favorable reports of their friends and relatives already established in Mexico.

The immigration of Jews into Mexico, while steadily growing, still is not the sudden inrush of thousands which was feared and was opposed by part of the Mexican press. It is recognized that the logical method is a constant small stream, since thus there is time for the newcomers to adapt themselves, and Mexicanize themselves, and thereby aid in adapting the newcomers. Jewish teachers for Jews is the solution of most of their difficulties, and the key to a future prosperity for them and the assurance of value to the country.

RECOGNIZING the necessity of nationalization, the same process of Americanization that has been thoroughly put in practice in the United States is being begun here, but with a Mexican point of view. The B'nai B'rith and social workers for the Jews are devoting themselves to two big things: first, attending to the material necessities of the immigrants, giving them food and a place to sleep, but most of all procuring them a way to get these things for themselves. The employment branch is by far the most important, since it has the grave charge of finding work for the immigrants in their trades and professions, to keep them from all becoming peddlers and small merchants, a thing dangerous and undesirable.

Recognizing that the desirable thing is to spread the newcomers, to find them work in their own lines so that they can thus more consistently adjust themselves to the country and aid in building it up, the employment bureau works along these lines, and has thus far succeeded in placing tailors, carpenters, shoemakers, electricians, mechanics, dentists—for it is a universal error that the Jewish immigrants are not industrial workers but commercial men. The majority of them have been trained under the European apprentice system, and the desirable thing for them would be the establishing of more industries, a thing predicted for the next year, already an admitted coming boom period.

Secondarily, however, but still important, to the necessity of work, is the necessity of making Mexican citizens out of the settlers. Instead of coming with the hope of eventually reaching the United States, as used to be the case with the majority of arrivals, they now come here with the intention of settling, of making a home. They are helped to become acquainted with the country by being taught Spanish, another highly important branch of the work of the B'nai B'rith. Little by little they learn the laws and customs of the country, and they are encouraged and taught to accept them, just as in the United States the same is done in the schools. Mexicanization, after ministering to the material welfare of the Jewish colonists, is the intentional work of the immigration agencies, and in this they are encouraged by the government, anxious and willing to bring in new blood to give an impulse to the old.

Correspondence

NOTE

The Editor of the B'nai B'rith Magazine welcomes letters expressing the opinions of members, but assumes no responsibility for them. Preference must necessarily be given to the shorter communications.

Jew and Christian

November 17, 1924.

Mr. Leon L. Lewis,
Editor B'nai B'rith,
1228 Union Trust Bldg.,
Chicago, Illinois.

My dear Mr. Lewis:

My friend, Rabbi Joel Blau, tells me that in a recent issue of the *B'nai B'rith Magazine* appeared a reprint of my article entitled, "The Jewish Problem." Would you be kind enough to send a copy of the issue which contains this article and a copy of any other issue which may refer to the subject, to me at the above address? I shall be very glad to meet the charges.

My associate, Rev. John W. Herring, who is secretary of our Committee on Goodwill between Jews and Christians, has written you requesting the privilege of using Rabbi Blau's article entitled, "A Proposal for a New Bargain Between Jew and Christian." We appreciate very much Rabbi Blau's point of view and his clear and interesting way of making statements.

We hope that between us all we may gradually work out some solutions of the serious problems only a part of which have as yet been realized or even partially defined.

Awaiting your favor, I am

Sincerely yours,

ALFRED WILLIAMS ANTHONY,
Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America.

In Re the Magazine

Adolf Kraus, Esq., Oct. 4, 1924.
President I. O. B. B.,
Tribune Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Brother Kraus:

Hearty congratulations to you, Brother Lewis and your co-workers upon the splendid appearance of the *B'nai B'rith Magazine.* It looks like a Magazine, it reads like a Magazine, and it is a Magazine,—a first class one at that! May your strength increase!

Trusting that you are in good health, with best wishes for many years of happiness,

Sincerely and fraternally yours,

EMIL MAYER.

Oct. 9, 1924.

Adolf Kraus & Leon L. Lewis, Editors,
B'nai B'rith Magazine,
1228 Union Trust Bldg.,
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:

Permit me to offer a word in appreciation of the enlarged *B'nai B'rith Magazine.* I have read its predecessor with interest for some time and trust that the new magazine will meet with the growth and influence which it deserves.

It was indeed an inspiration to read Dr. Blau's masterly reply to Bertrand Russell, as well as Mr. Solomon's clever "defense" of Nordic superiority. May God speed the day when the *B'nai B'rith Magazine* will be recognized as the expression of representative Jewish thought in America, for as soon as this is accomplished it will become a most powerful agency in helping to remove from the eyes of some of our Christian neighbors the smoked glasses of prejudice and misunderstanding through which they regard us.

With very best wishes, I am

Yours very sincerely,

M. D. BACHRACH.

Lodge Notes

District Grand Lodge No. 1

New York, N. Y., Jordan Lodge.

A very successful meeting was held on October 16. The young men's degree team conducted its first initiation and the meeting was addressed by Brother Myron Sulzberger.

Jordan Lodge has been honored by the election of one member, Brother Joseph Rosenzweig, to the office of treasurer of the District. Another brother, Herman Asher, is now counsel for the District.

District Grand Lodge No. 2

Cincinnati, Ohio, Cincinnati Lodge.

"The Jew in American Wars" was the subject of an address by Brother Harry M. Cohn at the regular meeting of October 27. The lodge will hold two initiations between that meeting and the first of the year, and it is expected that more than a hundred candidates will be initiated.

St. Louis, Mo., Ebn Ezra Lodge.

Hon. Harry B. Hawes, congressman from Missouri was the speaker at the stag and smoker held on October 9. Preceding the address of the evening, there was a short business meeting which included the report of the Membership Committee and the nomination of officers for next year and of delegates to the Grand Lodge.

Toledo, Ohio, Toledo Lodge.

B'nai B'rith Day was celebrated on November 16 by an open meeting and reception in honor of Dr. Joseph Kornfeld, until recently United States Minister to Persia, former president of District No. 2, now rabbi of the Collingwood Avenue Temple, Toledo.

The program of the evening included: Opening remarks, Brother Lou M. Frank; violin solo, Jane Davies; address of welcome on behalf of the city, Brother Aaron B. Cohn, judge of the Municipal Court; address of welcome on behalf of the Jewish community, Brother Michael Lichtenstein, rabbi of Congregation B'nai Israel; solo, Mrs. Matthew Niemayer; address of welcome on behalf of the Constitution Grand Lodge, Brother Adolph Freund, past president of District Grand Lodge No. 6; whistling solo, Jane Davies; address of welcome on behalf of District Grand Lodge No. 2, Brother Harry Levinson, president, District Court, D. G. L. No. 2; duet, Mrs. Matthew Niemayer and Mr. Herbert Davies; address of welcome on behalf of Toledo Lodge, Brother Henry Z. Ungar, president; solo, Mr. Herbert Davies; response and B'nai B'rith Day address, Brother Joseph Kornfeld; closing ode, "America," the audience; benediction, Brother Charles J. Freund, rabbi, Temple Israel, Lima, Ohio.

District Grand Lodge No. 3

Huntington, W. Va., Huntington Lodge.

Brother Joseph Herbach, secretary of District Grand Lodge No. 3, visited Huntington Lodge on November 20 and delivered the address of the evening. Following the speaking a program was presented and there was dancing from 10 to 1.

Election returns were given in the B'nai B'rith club rooms on the night of November 4. Members and their wives were invited to bring their friends and arrange their bridge and mah jongg games and other amusements while getting election reports.

District Grand Lodge No. 4

Portland, Ore., Portland Lodge.

Election returns were received following a short business meeting of the lodge on November 4. During the course of the evening there were an entertainment, dancing and refreshments.

District Grand Lodge No. 5

Washington, D. C., Argo Lodge.

A public initiation and meeting in which leading Protestants, Catholics and Jews of Washington all participated was held on October 22. Some 1,500 persons were present.

The principal speakers were the Rt. Rev. James E. Freeman, Episcopal bishop of Washington; Roe Fulkerson, deputy grand master, Grand Lodge of Masons; James A. Sullivan, state deputy, Knights of Columbus; Leo A. Rover, past state deputy, Knights of Columbus; Henry A. Alexander, president of the B'nai B'rith District Grand Lodge No. 5; Dr. Abram Simon, rabbi of the Eighth Street Temple; and Cuno H. Rudolph, commissioner of the District of Columbia.

In extending to the lodge the greetings of the board of commissioners Mr. Rudolph said that the ceremony was "unique in the history of the Capital," and predicted that it would have far-reaching results in wiping out intolerance.

Speaking as a Protestant and a Mason, Bishop Freeman said: "If this great experiment in government is to continue, we must discourage all expressions of rivalry and all attempts at segregation. Anything that seeks to create a cleavage or to set up dangerous divisions is a menace."

Mr. Rover said: "Protestant, Catholic and Jew stand on a common ground. We can have no cause for disagreement because we all stand for God and we all stand for America. The truly religious man cannot stir up man against man in the name of religion. This meeting exemplifies the fact that men of all denominations desire to live in peace and harmony."

In a letter to the secretary of Argo Lodge shortly after this meeting Commissioner Rudolph wrote: "I feel that those who conceived the idea of having this 'come-together' meeting are the ones to be congratulated rather than we who had the privilege of enjoying this wonderful occasion."

District Grand Lodge No. 6

Duluth, Minn., Covenant Lodge.

Rabbi Isadore Isaacson, of Sioux City, Iowa, chairman of the Intellectual Advancement Committee of the District Grand Lodge, was the speaker at an open house gathering on November 12. On the same evening a class of twenty candidates were initiated by Covenant Lodge's degree team headed by Brother Harry A. Shapiro.

Lansing, Mich., Jacob H. Schiff Lodge.

On November 5, Jacob H. Schiff Lodge gave a banquet to which members were urged to bring all the Jews in the community who were not affiliated with the B'nai B'rith. The object, according to the secretary of the lodge, was "to promote a better acquaintance between members and non-members and show the non-members why it is to their own interest to support the work of the Order."

London, England, First Lodge of England.

A business meeting of the lodge was held on October 26. Informal social evenings will be held the second Sunday of each month. Members have been urged to bring their friends. There are to be no host and hostess and no pre-arranged program, but the meetings will be a pleasant means of getting together for the members.

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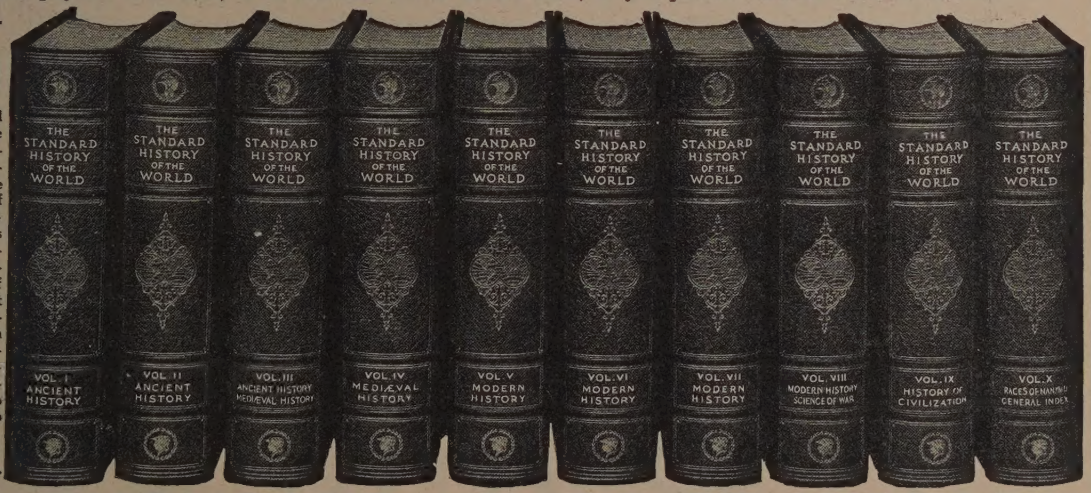
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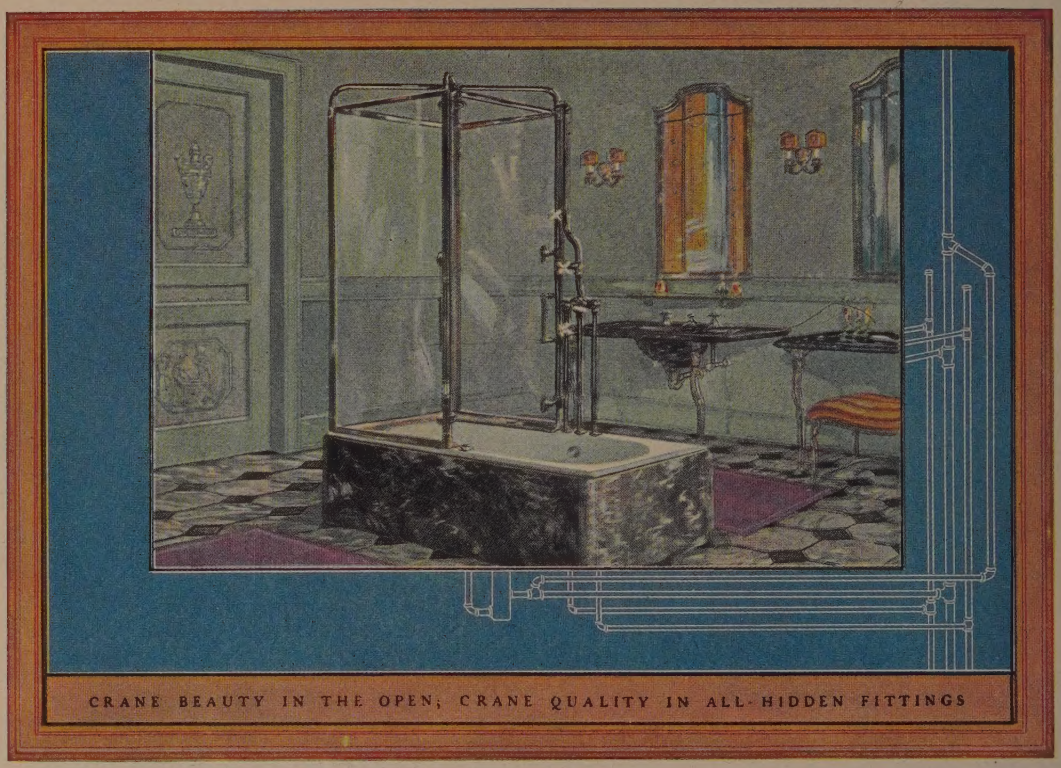

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